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THE LIFE OF ELIZA BAYLIES WHEATON

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UNIVERSITY

E. B. Wheaton

THE LIFE OF
ELIZA BAYLIES WHEATON

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE
HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

PREPARED FOR THE ALUMNÆ
OF WHEATON SEMINARY BY

HARRIET E. PAINE

CAMBRIDGE
Printed at The Riverside Press
1907

M619685

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PREFACE

The love of the Alumnæ of Wheaton Seminary for their dear old friend has led to the preparation of this "Life of Mrs. Wheaton." In presenting it to the public, it is felt that there is need to invoke all the gentleness of the gentle reader, if we would hope that its imperfections may be forgiven.

In a certain sense, it is a *family affair*, written by and for the "thousand daughters" of Mrs. Wheaton. It has, therefore, seemed admissible to use much material that to a reader outside the family might seem redundant, or uninteresting. Many parts of the book are not unlike a talk on family matters by members of the family.

For instance, this has seemed a fitting place to pay tribute to some of the really great teachers of Wheaton Seminary, who were all Mrs. Wheaton's intimate friends. Some of the greatest of these passed on so long ago that we have no record of them. Of some of the very greatest only a few words have been allowed; for it is felt that it would be out of place to say much of those still living.

But dearly as Mrs. Wheaton loved the Seminary, her deepest life centred in her own home, and, little as the schoolgirls understood it, her large,

loving nature was actively occupied during the greater part of her life with interests quite outside of the Seminary. She loved the town she lived in and worked for. Still more, she loved her home and her husband, and there are few records of families in which the brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, have been so dear to each other as in hers. Yet, almost all who were nearest and dearest to Mrs. Wheaton passed out of this life long before her, and, of the few who remain, most are too old and feeble to tell us her story. It is to her much-loved nephew and nieces, and especially to Mrs. John Jay Smith (Mary A. Chapin, of the Class of 1873), to whom Mrs. Wheaton willed her private papers, that we are indebted for most of the material that shows us how rich and beautiful was the part of her life which we, the Alumnæ, did not know. While, therefore, we are grateful to each of the many friends who have contributed to our book, our heartiest thanks are due to Mrs. Smith, who, though suffering from illness and burdened with many cares, has patiently sifted the large mass of her aunt's papers, and generously shared the treasure with us.

HARRIET E. PAINE,
FOR THE ALUMNÆ COMMITTEE.

GROVELAND, June 8, 1907.

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THE LIFE OF ELIZA BAYLIES WHEATON

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR. This chapter and the two following formed part of a long paper written by Mrs. Smith, the daughter of Mrs. Wheaton's brother Adolphus. It has been necessary to divide this paper, in order that it might better harmonize with the many other papers contributed for this book. Its concluding sentence, however, so well expresses the relation between Mrs. Smith and her aunt, that we believe the value of what she has to say will be better appreciated if we quote it here.

"I who have read her heart of love in a half-century of personal records, to whom at the final parting she said with tears, 'It is like the parting of mother and daughter,' now offer to her this tribute with tenderness and reverence, as one would lay flowers about the dead."]

ELIZA BAYLIES CHAPIN was born on "Northbridge Hill," in Northbridge, Massachusetts, September 27, 1809. Ancestral traits showed forth so plainly and blossomed so generously in her varied character, that from the large mass of genealogical matter at my disposal, I shall select a few of the most salient points.

On her mother's side there was a Quaker strain which ran back to "Thomas Baylies, the son of

Nicholas, of the parish of Alvechurch, Worcester County, England, who was married to Esther Sergeant June 5, 1706. They were both Quakers, and were married in a public meeting of said Quakers, where forty-eight signed their names as witnesses to the solemnizing of said marriage. They came to Boston from England in June, 1737, with their sons Nicholas and Thomas and four daughters, two married daughters remaining in London." (From family records.)

After living for a short time in Cumberland, Rhode Island, Thomas and his son Nicholas "leased the industrial establishment on the Mumford River, where Whitinsville is now located, for twenty-one years at thirty-four pounds a year. . . . They produced or dealt in 'pigg' and 'barr' iron, nails, 'ankonys,' [1] and other iron merchandise, owned cattle and much other property, as their journal and ledger, beautifully kept, now show; and had besides the water power, developed for a sawmill a dozen years before their time and forty-five years before Northbridge existed as a town, an 'ore-yard' and 'refinery.' Their establishment was widely known as the Baylies Refinery or Finery, and is so named in the location of roads of the time

[1] "An'cony — a piece of half-wrought iron in the shape of a bar in the middle, but rude and unwrought at the ends." (From a very old dictionary.)

on the county records. The older son, Thomas, Jr., did not appear in this undertaking, but located at Taunton, Mass.," where his brother Nicholas finally removed and lived for over forty years. (From a paper read before the Mendon Historical Society in Uxbridge Town Hall, Oct. 15, 1904, by Gustavus Williams, Esq., of Milford.)

This Nicholas Baylies, the great-grandfather of Eliza, "was a noted patriot at the time of the Revolution. His Quaker ancestry was probably responsible in part for his not participating actively in the struggle, but he made up for lack of personal service in large measure by his generosity in financial matters and by the value of his judgment and foresight as a councilor and adviser." Among our Baylies family records, I have a copy of a love letter which he wrote to Elizabeth Park of Newton, who afterwards became his wife (she evidently could not withstand such ardent pleading), which shows him to have been very susceptible to the tender passion and romantic in the extreme. This letter, in an elegant handwriting, begins: —

Dear Creature, — I hope by the powers divine this little piece of writing will find you in good health, and the same mind still affected towards me, though now absent, as when I parted with you, my dearest Love. The reason of the Bearer's com-

ing down was I could no longer stay with Patience till I heard from you. . . . I throw myself at your lovely feet with all low submission, to crave one favor from my love. It is not I alone, but all of us implore your pity on us. Oh the Gods! I hope will incline your heart to what I desire, that is you will favor us with your company next week, for a horse will be down Monday or Tuesday without fail and myself. So if you my love deny me this request you may as well sign the death Warrent to him that loves you so true. My only Life and Happiness, it will be but a week sooner than our appointment which is nothing. Oh, the Gods themselves can't express the grief and anguish I endure in our separation, and if your heart was as hard as the flinty rock, I can't but implore your mercy, and yourself can't denie my desire. I shall be the Unhappiest of mortals if my fair one denies me an answer. I desire and Beg that my Dear will write me all the news she can. It is impossible for any earthly Mortal to bear the Pain I feel in my Lovely Creature's absence. Oh you must be hard and unpitiful if you don't take the way to make me Happy in your Company, when your absence will be my undoing and your presence the means of preserving my Life.

Thus and much more, he who signs himself, Your Constant though Disconsolate lover,

NICHOLAS BAYLIES.

"The following story is told of this Nicholas at the time of his carrying on his successful iron works at Dighton. As was the custom of the time, his workmen sat at the lower end of his table. One day, some gentlemen from Boston were dining with him and asked with astonishment why he had such men at his table. His reply was something like this: 'I prefer to have them at my table, for it is by these rough hands that I am able to live as I do.'" (From S. A. Chapin.)

"He represented the town of Uxbridge in the General Court as early as 1758. After he removed to Taunton, he represented that town in the same body for the political years 1781–82 and 1786–87. He was well known in his day as one of the ablest politicians in Massachusetts, and though English born, was a most efficient supporter of America against British encroachments and through the Revolutionary struggle." (New England Genealogical Register for January, 1866.)

The son of this Nicholas was Nicholas the third, the much-married man, the grandfather of the little Eliza; the solemn succession of his marriages mounting up to the number four, the last wife surviving him many years, and living in the old homestead. That he was no grim Bluebeard is evidenced by the apparent willingness of succession as well as by the testimony of existing da-

guerreotypes, which were copies of a painted portrait hanging for many years in his residence on Baylies Hill. These pictures might easily foster the delusion that you were looking upon the face of some ancient Flemish worthy. A grand type of wholesome old age is here depicted: a strong, massive head, square, but tapering to a noble oval in the chin, a wide forehead, a large and shapely nose, a kind, frank outlook from the earnest eyes, and a mouth generous, full of character, yet with a fine delicacy of sculpture, about which plays an elusive smile most friendly and reassuring. The loose folds of the soft white neckcloth and the heavy draperies of the cloak that melt into the shadow, complete the portrait. This fine old fellow, Deacon Nicholas Baylies, "was evidently one of the most worthy and esteemed of the prominent citizens of Uxbridge, whether viewed in his relations to the church or in his business transactions. His accounts show that he was an intelligent, careful manager, recording carefully his dealings and settling most scrupulously with his white and negro employees, his neighbors, his father, his brothers, and indeed with his children." He was called upon to settle the large estate of a neighbor and to act as arbiter in a controversy between two citizens of Uxbridge. His religious life was that rare development where the inner spirit keeps pace with and even goes beyond

the outward observance. A testimony to the latter is a remembrance of him, "after he was ninety, tottering to his deacon's seat in the old Uxbridge meeting-house three miles from his home, even in inclement weather, thus showing his zeal to be in the place of worship." (From Mr. Williams's paper.)

Through life, perhaps more than any other, this good grandfather, this man who looked far down the future and stormed the Father's throne with earnest prayers for all his descendants, was Mrs. Wheaton's ideal of the spiritual possibilities of the human soul; and it is certain that his early influence must have had a far-reaching effect upon the best part of her own religious life. I truly believe that no praise would ever have been more sweet to her than the assurance, which might well have been given, that all her life long she had faithfully followed in the footsteps of this most beloved grandfather. In fact, that his grandchildren almost worshipped his memory is the word of mouth that came to me through many years from a number of them, and still his great-grandchildren are glad to do him reverence.[1]

[1] In a collateral line was Hodijah Baylies, a great-uncle of Eliza, a man of great beauty of face and figure and of a winning personality. He was aide-de-camp of General Benjamin Lincoln of Hingham, and also aide and personal friend of George Washington, was with him at the surrender of Corn-

The stern tenets of the ancient theology were very hard for many sensitive souls. Such was his daughter Abigail, the mother of Eliza. Her religious life was at times darkened by personal fears, which in the last days happily gave way to a more sustained assurance; those last days, attended by the two devoted daughters, that passed away so peacefully upon a lofty Uxbridge hilltop, with all the glory of orchard and river, sunrise and sunset, daily before her in the home of her daughter, Mary Judson. Here Eliza often came to care for her and soothe her with all the love and tenderness that a daughter could give, and here she died, having survived her husband less than three years.

That in her youth she possessed the notable skill of the early times is attested by the beautiful linen in existence, so greatly prized by her descendants, which is her handiwork, spun and woven by herself; some of it heavy, some fine and hemmed with dainty old-time stitches, and some in a very

wallis and afterwards lived with him at Mt. Vernon until he came North and married Elizabeth, the daughter of General Lincoln. An uncle, Hon. Nicholas Baylies, was judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont and also held other offices. He was a jurist of prominence and the author of several legal works. Another uncle, Dr. Gustavus Baylies, attained great prominence in his profession. His daughters, Hannah, Betsy, and Mary, were cousins with whom Eliza kept up a life-long intimacy.

beautiful ornamental weave, all marked with her initials, A. B., done in silk in the delicate cross-stitch fashion of the sampler days.

She was married in her father's home to Henry Chapin of Uxbridge, in November, 1793. He was born in Mendon, the son of Gershom Chapin of that place, who afterwards settled in Uxbridge. Of what I may have been told about him I can remember but little, it is all in a mist, — save that his children spoke of him with much affection and respect, and always referred to him as a "good man," a "godly man." He and his wife Abigail lived for a long time in and near Northbridge, where they raised a large family. Out of ten children, the last two died in infancy. The others were as follows: Henry Chapin, Jr., born in November, 1794, Adolphus, Judson, Nicholas Baylies, Mary, George, Eliza Baylies, born in 1809, Samuel Austin, born in 1811. George ran away to sea, and was never seen again nor even heard from but once, through a wandering sailor, many, many years after. I remember, as a tiny girl, my wonder at the thrill of excitement that ran through both families, my father's and Aunt Mary's, because news had come to them of Uncle George; it was like hearing a voice from the dead, but the voice was never heard again.

After a time the parents, Henry and Abigail,

and their sons, Henry, Jr., Adolphus, Nicholas, and Austin, settled in White Pigeon, Michigan. In this region they bought large tracts of public lands, and engaged in farming and mercantile business, building, etc.; here Adolphus and Austin, as first and second lieutenants of the militia under Major-General Williams, took an active part in the Black Hawk War; here some of them remained a number of years, and here at last the father and his sons, Henry, Jr., and Nicholas, died within a few years of each other, the mother finding a home with her daughter Mary in Uxbridge.

From the father's side Mrs. Wheaton inherited a sturdy strain, iron in the blood. The Chapin descent is traced back through a cloud of deacons and "pillars" to Deacon Samuel Chapin, who came over from England, landing at Boston, and was one of the first settlers of Springfield, Massachusetts; the man whom Saint-Gaudens took for the prototype of his statue of "The Puritan." He is well known as one of the most prominent men in the early history of Springfield. He was appointed by the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony to govern Springfield, and he took part in King Philip's War. Among his descendants were Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Edwin H. Chapin, the Universalist preacher so noted for his eloquence.

After King Philip's War, Josiah, the eldest son of Samuel, removed to Mendon. He was captain and also deputy for many years. He had received from his father a large government grant of property included in the present sites of Mendon and Milford. Says Ballou, in his "History of Milford:" "He was honored with the highest municipal and civil positions; and even after he had reached his octogenarian years, when he was supposed to excuse himself from active executive duties, his fellow citizens still insisted, by vote, that their less experienced officials should sit at the patriarch's feet for instructions how to discharge their duties." His eldest daughter, Mary Chapin, married Joseph Adams of Braintree, and their grandson was John Adams, second President of the United States. Josiah's eldest son, Seth, — better known as Captain Seth, of Milford, — "was welcomed to the front rank of official dignity, and finally closed a life of seventy-eight years with very similar manifestations of public confidence and respect to those enjoyed by his honored father." (Ballou.) Captain Seth was captain of the Massachusetts Colonial forces at Mendon in 1714, and was repeatedly after that Representative to the Colonial General Court from Mendon.

Joseph Chapin, an exemplary citizen of Milford, was the son of Captain Seth, and Gershom was the

second son of Joseph. He lived in Milford, and later in Uxbridge, and saw action in the Colonial Wars, marching in 1757 to the relief of Fort William Henry under Colonel Williams. His son Henry, also captain (of militia), was the father of Eliza.

To go back still further: it has long been a tradition in the Chapin family, which researches of late years appear to have established as a fact, that the Chapins were originally French Huguenots descended from Hugh Capet (coming from Normandy, where a village now retains their name); that they came first to England and thence to America, having outdone the English themselves in becoming Puritans of the Puritans.

Iron wills, strong principles and beliefs, deep religious impulses, and often much executive ability have characterized many of this immense family, the Puritan sternness often tempered with a large degree of geniality. Physically, also, many of them were of a strong type; some were tall above the average, not many generations back one son of Anak in a collateral line, Ephraim Chapin (he was a great-uncle of Eliza), recording seven feet or more to his height.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH

I WILL quote from the autobiographical sketch of Samuel Austin Chapin, Mrs. Wheaton's brother, for whom Chapin Hall was named: "I have very pleasant recollections of my childhood with my sister Eliza, who was two years older than myself, and was my ever-present companion to ramble about the green fields, and in the autumn to gather shellbarks and chestnuts. I shall ever carry with me a friendly regard for that old home and farm of my early childhood on Northbridge Hill. . . . The 'great September gale' made a deep impression of wonder and then of terror. It occurred September 23, 1815, when I was four years old. No other such destructive and extensive hurricane was known during the century. Trees were uprooted, buildings blown down, and roofs and chimneys were torn off in vast numbers. My father and brother were engaged in liberating the sheep from a portion of the barn which was blown down, while my mother, Eliza, and myself were huddled together in the house, expecting every moment to be blown away.

My brother Judson came to get us out of the house and take refuge behind a great double wall (yet standing) at the barnyard. They held on to me and got me there in safety, but Eliza was blown away against a portion of the barn which had fallen, and she was badly bruised. We still have great affection for that old stone wall which gave us shelter. . . .

"When I was about six years of age, my father sold this farm in Northbridge and bought one in Sutton, embracing a water power with a sawmill and a blacksmith's shop. The sawmill gave employment to my brother Judson, and my brother Henry, having become a scythe maker, took charge of the blacksmith's shop and manufactured scythes in large quantities. He finally took with him a large invoice of scythes for Ohio and settled at Xenia. He did not again return to New England, but removed to Michigan in 1830 with his teams and flocks and became a wealthy and prosperous farmer. We were about one mile from Northbridge Hill, which was our place to attend church. We were about the same distance from Elder Boomer's Baptist church, where I often went. We were favored with a good new brick schoolhouse within a few rods of our home. It was here that I took my first lessons in swimming, skating, fishing, and coasting. In coasting my sister Eliza was ever with me, and we made a fine success of it on

a large scoop coal shovel from the blacksmith's shop till we had nearly worn it out by carrying *double* down the long hill. When Houghton, the smith, knew what we were doing, we were not very happy. . . .

"When I was twelve years of age we moved to Baylies Hill in Uxbridge, near Grandfather Baylies's, about one mile from the Sutton home. From this home I walked one mile and a half to the 'Brick Academy' at Uxbridge Centre, where I completed my academic studies under Squire Jaquith."

We see that this brings Eliza very near the dear grandfather, close to the old Baylies homestead, where she and the little Austin had often found such delight in a visit to the grandparents. Let us take a look at the place where Nicholas Baylies lived.

The house is a rambling, interesting old structure of unusual size and much dignity and impressiveness in spite of its ruined condition, evidently built with its various accretions to accommodate patriarchal numbers. The multitudinous small lights in the many windows, the old-fashioned panelling of the outer doors, with small squares of glass high up and transom lights across the top, the old style framing about the front doorway, and the general air about the house and grounds, all attest its venerableness. Various traditions are held regarding it; one is that the large farm connected with it (through

which runs the town boundary) was a part of the great tract of land "taken up" by the father of the first wife of Nicholas, who was Abigail Wood of Uxbridge and Eliza's grandmother. At any rate, the young Nicholas was only twenty or twenty-one when he married, and here he lived a long life and brought up a large family; here, too, must have been formed some of the deepest impressions of Eliza's youth. To these early impressions was doubtless due the fervently religious attitude of all her future life.

Her tenacious attachment to friends and relatives was one of her strongest traits; although in this large family there were many brothers and sisters, for certain reasons, partly because of close association in later life, some of them were much nearer to her than others, though all were dear.

Adolphus, the second son, when for a long time his parents, with but slender means, suffered from feeble health, put aside for many years the thought of marital ties, and devoted himself to be their stay; and it was he who helped the young girl Eliza to her education, most richly repaid to his daughter in after years. To him Eliza turned instinctively for tender comfort and wise advice in various times of bereavement and trouble. He was a quiet, unassuming man, but nevertheless, and for all his gentleness and tenderness, he was also a man of will

THE BAYLIES HOMESTEAD

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power, great accuracy, and most reliable judgment. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Wheaton must have felt for a time in her bewilderment as if the world's hand were turned against her; she who had been so shielded from serious business cares was overwhelmed with a formidable array of properties to dispose of, affairs to settle, lawsuits impending. In these difficulties she appealed to this much older brother, whose calmness and good judgment were her chief aid in piloting her through these shoals. One lawsuit was carried to a successful issue, the others were averted, and the various matters were finally so arranged that her wonderful business faculties had time to assert themselves, and she assumed that firm control of business matters which was never fully relaxed until her death.

The sister Mary was the only sister who lived. Another died in infancy. Six years of difference in age is but a trifle, which in maturity counts for nothing; in many ways Mary and Eliza were much alike, physically and mentally, and seldom have two sisters been so united heart and soul through a long life and so blessed with opportunities for frequent intercourse. One year before the marriage of Eliza, this sister Mary was herself married to Willard Judson, son of Rev. Samuel Judson of Uxbridge. In the course of years their new home was built on another hilltop just above the village; and

here later on came the filial son, the long-confirmed bachelor Adolphus, with his newly acquired wife Cynthia, to establish his household gods within a stone's throw of "Sister Mary's." Uxbridge, beautiful Uxbridge, with its woods and waters, was set in the glory of the hills, and these two homes were enfolded in clouds of apple-blossoms, looking out over green valleys and the white morning mists that rise above the Blackstone to other orchards and villages and other hills beyond; a place of sweetness and quiet, of sunsettings and sunrisings. For over forty-five years these lovely hilltops were Mrs. Wheaton's dearest Mecca, or rather might we say that, like Christian, she journeyed on for a time until she came to the chamber called Peace, where she slumbered for a night. As she herself expressed it, in a day of sorrow, "These visits do make green spots in my pilgrimage."

Another brother, older than herself, was Judson, and as he settled in West Roxbury, not very far from Norton, many delightful visits were exchanged. A certain sweetness and clarity of expression always dominated his features, and I think that he had less of the stern Puritan element that existed in the others, though in all largely intermingled with softer, sweeter traits. The others were extremely orthodox and as fond of a tough theological nut as Mrs. Stowe's people in "Oldtown Folks:"

his views were different, for though he believed in as well as lived a consistent Christian life, he never could believe that salvation depended on an emotional experience and an intellectual assent. The sister Eliza grieved for years over her ineffectual attempts to "convert" this most dearly beloved brother, this beautiful Christian, to her own theological views in order to save his soul. But late in life she indicated, perhaps indirectly, that she had come to hope that God's goodness and a life lived in the spirit of Christ might after all be greater than the measure of the creeds. Theological differences had never hindered the full satisfying interchange of brotherly and sisterly affection.

Judson's home was also a delightful one. The house itself was one of those unpretentious, old-fashioned houses that we wish could last forever, there is such an atmosphere of charm about them; low ceilings, small window-panes, choice old mahogany inside, — among other pieces a beautiful, treasured old desk that belonged to the father, Henry Chapin, — a garden outside where the sweet old-fashioned things were glad to grow; those intangible voices everywhere in the air that sing of a very happy home.

But the darling of Eliza's heart was her brother Austin. Very near her own age, their childhood was passed together in constant companionship

of play and study, of childish duties and joys and sorrows, and many times has she indicated that this was a bond of peculiar strength, never to be broken. A portion of Austin's married life was spent in Norton, and after his removal to California there were occasional visits that were hailed with great delight. Later, when the strong man, whose life in a certain sense had been a warfare, — with danger and death in the early pioneer days of California and Nevada, in those wild mountain mines, and afterwards with the pressure of business cares and many interests, — in weariness felt the memories of his childhood thronging upon him like waves beating with irresistible force, she opened her heart and house to him and to his gentle wife, and for a number of years thereafter her life was made very much happier by his presence.

It is something which unfortunately is not always and everywhere achieved, but in this connection it may be well to say that Mrs. Wheaton's relations with all her sisters-in-law and also with the one brother-in-law were of the happiest. There was never any change in this pleasant, loving intercourse which lasted as long as life.

These are a few of those whose love was like many garlands that wreathed about her from her childhood to old age; so continuous and closely

woven were these garlands that it seemed impossible to make a break in them, but now, rose by rose, we must find our way back to her girlhood days.

The academies that preceded the high schools and seminaries of Massachusetts were many of them notable institutions for that day, and among them the Uxbridge Academy took high rank. This school, which first opened in 1820, was attended by Mary, Eliza, and Austin. For some years the principal was Mr. Abiel Jacques (Squire Jaquith), a Harvard graduate and a man of cultivated mind. Though eccentric, he seemed to have a talent for teaching and for developing the minds of his pupils, inciting them to effort and retaining their love and respect. It was while Eliza was studying at this academy and living in the family of Amariah Chapin, who was a cousin of her father and a successful merchant in this place, that she became acquainted with her future husband. The last school that she attended was the Young Ladies' High School, in Boston. Ebenezer Bailey was the principal and Miss Maria Weston the preceptress. Among carefully treasured relics were a catalogue of this school and a presentation copy to "Miss E. B. Chapin, from her friend, E. B.," of a spirited prize ode, "Triumphs of Liberty," written by Mr. Bailey. Shortly

after this she was married to Laban Morey Wheaton of Norton, son of Judge Wheaton, the marriage taking place at Uxbridge in the house on the hill (everything spoke of the hilltops there), which was the home of her sister Mary Judson, not very far from that later residence where the Judsons lived so many years and where they died.

Imagine this June bride of nineteen, a tall, slender slip of a girl, clad in the wedding robe that still exists, a soft white India muslin in the simple fashion of the day, with baby waist and narrow ruffles edged with thread lace some distance above the hem of the straight skirt. She was a handsome, dignified creature, this young girl with her chestnut-auburn hair, probably confined by a high comb, her slender oval face, small fine straight nose, and blue eyes that showed a gentle directness and seriousness of purpose. Indeed, it was her girlish dignity even more than her beauty that finally captured the heart of Mr. Wheaton. He had already built the beautiful house that was to receive his bride. When she entered it the three elms standing guard in front were even then so majestic that she thought them very old.[1] From

[1] Many years ago one of these elms seemed to be dying. Professor Russell, who lectured at the Seminary on Botany at that time, was called upon to give a diagnosis, and he pro-

that hour, for seventy-six long years, these faithful sentinels were to keep their silent watch and ward over the home and life of this girlish bride, while the home itself became an integral part of her being. With naturally a strong attachment to all places associated with those dear to her, her young heart sent out deep roots down into the soil of this new home, and here love, which was her soul, her very self, blossomed into fruition. Delightful journeys were often her pleasure, but always the return was a greater joy, like the swift, glad flight of a homing pigeon.

Norton itself she took to dwell within her heart of hearts. A suggestion looking towards a change of residence was received with anything but enthusiasm, though she was ready to yield to another's wish.

It is in this way that she writes of that much-loved place: "There I would hope to live and there would I wish my spirit might take its upward flight to God and my body mingle with the dust till it is raised incorruptible." This deep affection has shown itself in many ways, and was never

nounced the trouble to be that its water-supply had been cut off. It proved that a well, long disused and filled with elm-roots, had been cleaned out and brought into service again, thus robbing the tree of its accustomed supply of water. The well was given up to the tree and the tree was speedily restored to health.

quenched by grief and trouble, nor by years; as she has told me more than once, it was the love for Norton, for the surrounding country, and above all for the daughters of the town and the region roundabout, her heart's desire that they might receive greater educational privileges, that gave birth to the idea of Wheaton Seminary, which was her only child.

CHAPTER III

THE WHEATON HOME

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH

THE new home, whose stately entrance symbolized its generous hospitality, was for several generations the meeting-place of scores of friends of the genial master of the house and its kindly chatelaine; and in time these shadowy figures, flitting in and out, promenading the garden walks and pleasant grove, are seen to be, in many cases, figures of import in the history of Wheaton Seminary. This dim procession of "*ces Dames du Temps Jadis*," — oh, for some nobler Villon to sing the praises of these ladies of bygone days, whose eyes were bright and faces fair, whose minds were fountains of strength and wisdom, whose hearts were wells of purity and the love of God! Here they came for consultation, for friendship, for rest and relaxation. Among them was the noble Mary Lyon, and with her Miss Caldwell, like a brave young knight on an unknown quest. Here were also the queenly Miss Vose of the flashing eyes and nimble wit; the blue-eyed Miss

Knight of the silver tongue; that Lady Eloquent, Miss Martha Sawyer, full of grace in face and form, in thought and in expression; that mistress of the flowing line, beloved Lucy Larcom; and others too, many of them in the heyday of their youth. Their high purposes did not preclude the enjoyments natural to their years. In this sheltering home, on neutral ground, these dignified young principals and teachers could sometimes cast aside their panoply of state, and for the moment give care the cold shoulder and be girls together; there was the flash of wit with merry jest, and girlish pranks were played, and — let me whisper it in your ear — even Cupid himself was allowed to enter these friendly portals.

Let us make the better acquaintance of the master of the house. Doubtless he was an Epicurean, dropped by mistake into a Puritan nest. By nature he was fond of pleasure and gayety, of friendship, of luxury, and all beautiful things; by training and environment he was deeply imbued with the severest ideas of those early days. Among his memoranda, evidently carried in a pocketbook, was found a tiny scrap of paper bearing five maxims. They are excellent ones, and from what I know of him I feel sure that he had followed them in his life: "1. Never regret what is unintentionally lost. 2. Never believe that which seems impossible.

THE WHEATON MANSION

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3. Never expose your disappointments to the world. 4. Never complain of being ill-used. 5. Always speak well of your friends; of your enemies say nothing." He was a faithful and generous friend; the expression of his face was very kindly, indicative of his disposition, and there was often a pleasant smile, with a humorous twinkle about the eyes.

A passionate lover of flowers, he was always surrounded by them, his gardens being of the charming old-fashioned type, box-bordered, full of all manner of blooms yielding their perfume in every season; the greenhouses too, though partly filled with luscious grapes, the clear white and the rich Black Hamburg, were also devoted to flowers; and the house through many months was full of them everywhere, in attic, in back entry, in the deep embrasure of wide sunny front windows, in the upper hall, in drawing-room and sitting-room; everywhere was the scent of rose and heliotrope, of stephanotis and carnation, the jewelled droop of crimson cactus, the rosy oleanders, and the lemon and orange trees in fruit and flower that claimed their corners of the rooms.

He enjoyed music, and one of Mrs. Wheaton's pictures of the home-life represents him "in the drawing-room playing the flute while M—— is at the piano."

Fond as he was of the pleasures of the table, the

least indulgence was dearly paid for by terrible headaches, and in spite of early tastes, he was a vigorous champion of the temperance cause.

He liked and generally kept fine blooded horses, and all through their married life Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton were accustomed to take long drives through the country, going delightfully on and on from town to town, through lovely forest roads, sometimes for days together. We can imagine them stopping on the way home to pick barberries, which were preserved the next day.

They were often accompanied by their coach dog Romeo, a curious creature with leopard-like spots that still lives in a faint old daguerreotype, and that apparently was held in high regard in proportion to the trouble he gave them, for he was always running away. One or more dogs always formed part of the establishment, and in my day, a sign of portent, *Beware of the Dog*, was generally affixed to the front of the carriage house. Sometimes the defender was a toothless old fellow, too old for further action, and sometimes a fierce young beast, ready for the fray. It was regarding one of the latter sort that Ellen Beane once said that she wished "it would please the Lord to remove him." And greatly did she exult in his demise!

Many of the drives were to "Sister Mary's," or "Brother Adolphus's," or "Brother Judson's," for

very frequent was the exchange of visits between the families, and often "Sister Mary" herself and "Brother Willard" would take their chaise and pony and join in these charming journeys. Mr. Wheaton's hospitality was unbounded and his geniality winning, especially when with friends of his choice. Mrs. Wheaton's love for her own circle of relatives was lasting as life, and Mr. Wheaton seemed to adopt them all as his very own.

Although these two married people were so unlike, yet they seemed to be admirably adapted to each other, and their mutual love was deep and abiding. In 1848 Mrs. Wheaton was for a long time in Brooklyn for medical treatment, and the love letters of this woman who had been married for nineteen years are full of expressions that show the tenderness of her attachment for husband and home. This passionate daughter of the Puritans, — only the New Englander by birth or by inheritance can understand the fires that blaze beneath these Puritan snows, — under her stately dignity and reserve was love unquenchable; love for husband, for relatives and friends, for home, for her religion. Every turning of her life shows this; the world itself was not too large to hold within the embrace of her great heart; forever flowed upon all around her the affluent waves of her desire to yield tenderness, service, generosity, help, and love.

She writes to her husband, whom she misses: "Your letters will be one of my sweetest sources of pleasure. Your dear *sober* face is by me. I value it above price. Mrs. B—— says she never saw a more perfect likeness. It is your usual expression. There is a more cheerful one you often have that I would have chosen, but if I could not have that, nothing would tempt me to part with what I have." This to her friend Miss Martha Sawyer (Mrs. Holmes), whom she often called "Sister Mattie," greatly to the mystification of strangers, who could never determine whether the ladies were sisters in fact or by affection: "My very dear sister, I watched the carriage that took you both away till it turned from my sight. I found my way to Fulton Street, but did not want to take an omnibus; my eyes were too much like April clouds (though a thick veil covered them) to be looked at very steadily." In this passage she refers to the adopted son: "Yesterday I sat and sewed on my dear boy's shirt till my arm ached very hard and does to-day from the effects of it. As I think of La and his *long*, *long* silence, I do feel grieved. I long to see him." One day she started for New York: "It was Saturday evening, you know, and it seemed that everybody was coming over to Brooklyn. I began to feel rather queer about going, but I kept on, and found there were some folks left in New

York,—and some, too, to return in the ferry-boat when I did."

She wishes Mr. Wheaton to wear "the fashionably long" white vests that gentlemen are wearing these warm days. "I can but think one would be very becoming to my husband. . . . 'T is such as you were married in, when 'you never looked so well before.' They are a very genteel dress with a *black* cravat to which you are so partial." Undoubtedly he bought the vests! She tells him of her adventure with a little dog: "After crossing over the ferry yesterday, a little fox-colored dog came trotting to me and gazed into my face with a most *kind*, *confiding* look, and seemed to say, 'Why, I am all alone too, I'll go with you and be your little dog.' So on he went with me, every now and then peeping into my face with apparent delight. Occasionally he would run back a few steps and smell the feet of others, and as I passed through one group of people after another, I thought he would take another friend. But no! he followed me in this way without the least invitation on my part except *kind looks*, till I reached the Astor House, through crowd and bustle. There some rude boys shoved him off into the street, and as I went down towards Church Street I saw no more of him. He was unmuzzled and doubtless from the country like myself. I felt queer to have him follow me. I thought

of asking some boys to coax him to stop till I was out of sight, but that seemed too much like betraying confidence. To appreciate the interview you should have *seen* it, as nothing but that would convey to your mind his expressive looks and actions."

She writes her "Sister Mattie" minute directions about the housekeeping, about having the grass often cut short on the lawn, and so on in careful detail. Her delight is expressed over her letters: "As for the bag and contents! I was almost overcome with joy. That package of letters! Oh, how my heart *leaped* at the sight of it. The *seals* full of meaning, 'good news,' assured me I had nothing to fear. And those flowers, so sweet and beautiful! I felt they came all smiling from my dear home, fragrant with the heart's best affections and laden with wishes for a joyful welcome. It is not enough to breathe their fragrance, but I love to press them to my lips."

Mrs. Holmes, the "Sister Mattie," was like a dear younger sister not only to herself, but to Mr. Wheaton. For years the close companionship continued, and when the family (the Holmes family) left Norton permanently, Mrs. Wheaton bewails their loss: "The morning train took Lottie (Miss Charlotte Sawyer) and Mattie. So their home is deserted and no more of their pleasant offices and

kindly sympathy." In spite of parting this friendship continued through life.

The Wild family was also intimately connected with the Wheatons, George Wild, Sr., being a cousin of Mr. Wheaton, and an elder brother of Laban, the adopted child. Mr. Wheaton was interested in so many business and public matters that he needed some one with whom to share the responsibility and care of his various properties, especially when absent on long journeys, and well was this burden carried by Mr. Wild, who was a complete encyclopedia of information, besides being a man of great business capacity and energy. After Mr. Wheaton's death his widow found here one who looked after her interests as faithfully as his own. Mr. Wild dying in his turn, his son Alfred, who is like him in many ways, continued this superintendence with much ability and the same invaluable spirit of fidelity. Mrs. Wild and Mrs. Wheaton were more like sisters than neighbors, and the children were among those especially dear to the latter. The daughter Mary ardently loved and admired her, and the love was reciprocated by giving Mary much the same place in her affections that her own nieces enjoyed. There were pleasant days recorded when she took Lizzy (Mrs. Wild) and the children chestnutting, when she "went graping" with them, when she went to walk in Neck Woods with "Laby,"

and they "found four young woodcock, — caught two and let them go;" anxious days when Georgy and little Mary were very sick with typhus fever, and she helped care for them and sat through the night by the bedside of the delirious boy.

Laban Wild, a young cousin of Mr. Wheaton, was born in Boston in 1835, and was adopted by the Wheatons when three years old, taking the name of his adopted father, Laban M. Wheaton. Mrs. Wheaton often used to speak of him in a most loving, reminiscent manner, and certain mementoes of his childhood were tenderly preserved, especially a little low chair in which he used to sit by her side. Her journal says, "He was a lovely little boy, though his mother told us before we took him she did n't know what to do with him, he was so headstrong." Mrs. Wheaton found no special difficulty for some weeks, when she attempted to teach him his letters, and was confronted by a fit of calm obstinacy. These seasons of obstinacy would occasionally come upon him as long as he stayed with the Wheatons, and at such times he was kept in his room till he yielded, when he came out. Mrs. Cyrus W. Allen writes of him: "I remember Laban when he first came to your house, a little boy, bright and interesting. I remember him as he was the first time you took him to church. I can perfectly recall his looks as you presented him for bap-

tism. He looked very pale, as if the solemnity of the occasion awed him. I can see him now in his little green coat. I remember a day which I spent at your house, how he amused himself all day playing the merchant, talking incessantly, and asking innumerable questions, some of which would puzzle wiser heads than ours to answer." Mrs. Judson writes after his death: "No event for a long time has so moved the fountain of tears as the death of this poor boy. My mind goes back to the time when you first brought him to Uxbridge some fifteen years ago, and follows him on some years as the most lovely and perfect child — so fascinating that many of his ways and sayings will be remembered as long as I live: later on, you begin to feel 'anxious about Laban,' you pray for him with great fervency and affection, and adopt the language of Abraham, 'O that Laban might live before Thee.'"

I take it from all that I have read of him and heard from Mrs. Wheaton's lips that he was a boy with certain serious faults difficult to eradicate and of a temperament that must have required peculiar treatment. It would appear that excessive strictness might be as disastrous for him in one way as too great freedom in another. It is certain that he was very lovable and attractive, that he had many good qualities; but it seems that he might have been rather unsuitably placed at school. The last school

that he attended was of confessedly rigid requirements. As the principal says, "We mark all irregularities, and a very limited number sends a boy home." This principal writes wisely and kindly about Laban, appreciative of his good traits, but frankly says that this school is not the place for him. Unfortunately he fell to the tender mercies of a man not like the principal, but very like a stick attired in clergyman's garb. The result of such a situation might easily be foreseen. The marks took him home. There was also a personal break in his relations with the Wheatons; something had been said and done, I do not know what. About two years later he writes them from his home in Newark. He has found employment in New York with a large wholesale firm and shows a delightful boyish pride in his promotion, in the confidence of the firm, for he goes on board vessels getting bills of lading signed, he collects notes and pays bills, thus being responsible at times for large sums of money with which he is intrusted. The letter rings with sincerity and is inexpressibly touching, there is such a mingling of manly independence with a regret for the wrong things said and done, such a longing for the hitherto unappreciated affection that had been bestowed upon him, a sense of loss from the "want of some one to look up to, and to direct [him] in the way which is right."

Six months after this he was taken ill with typhoid pneumonia, which resulted in his death. From the beginning of his sickness, he continually called for his father and mother Wheaton, especially for the latter. They both hastened to him, but they could not grant his eager request, "Could n't you wrap me up and carry me to Norton?" for they knew the journey would be fatal to him. When the boy, scarcely eighteen, died, his body was brought to Norton, where the funeral services were held in church (the seminary girls walking with the mourners), and then was buried in the Wheaton lot on the Common.

His adopted parents sorrowed greatly at his death. Perhaps their best comfort was that suggested by "Sister Cynthia" in a letter to Mrs. Wheaton. "It must be some alleviation of your sorrow to reflect that you were with him to soothe him in his sickness, and that, though not restored to your family circle, he was restored to your hearts and regarded you with filial affection."

Though there was never after this any child in the Wheaton home, Mrs. Wheaton manifested love for many children. The Holmes children were great favorites, frequently visiting at her house. Here is a bit of fine insight into the heart of a child for a childless woman to compass. A little girl, a niece, from the invalidism of her father was rather

restricted in her childish companionships and plays, and scarcely knew what it was to have a pet; she longed for a dog, hence this letter to the father: "I think I should let her have a dog if I were you, if you do not this one. She craves something to pet and will have it somehow or other — either companions or animals, and this may be the least objectionable way of satisfying the cravings of her nature. You must try and meet these calls of her young heart in some way." Although in feeble health at times, she was not too much absorbed in her own troubles to write letters to her juvenile friends, and to repeat to this same little girl the story of "Enoch Arden" and tales from the "Wayside Inn."

When Annette, her brother Austin's child, was ill in Uxbridge, she went there to care for her, and then took her to her own home; when another daughter, Ella, died, she was heartbroken as if herself the mother. A visit to this kindly house was indeed a treat, and many are the nephews and nieces that have entered within its gates. This affection has always followed a large circle of them as they grew up to manhood and womanhood, some with children of their own, and it was a love that has shown itself in manifold practical details of personal care and generosity.

When we remember that Mrs. Wheaton was

born as long ago as 1809, we can better appreciate the survival in her house of an ancient and interesting New England custom, — the keeping of Saturday night. Whatever we might do in the privacy of our rooms was a matter of individual conscience, but downstairs the Sabbath began at sundown. Business matters were suspended, and we were not expected to bring our sewing or fancy work into the sitting-room Saturday evening, nor to do anything unsuitable to the near approach of the Sabbath, which was rigidly kept in those days in many families of Puritan descent. When Sunday night came, the strictness of observance was relaxed, so that any necessary business letters were written or affairs attended to that could not conveniently be left over to the next day. During the latter part of Mrs. Wheaton's life this custom was dropped, partially at least.

To one who has known Mrs. Wheaton only in the last decades of her life, when she was absorbed in large affairs or gently fading into the twilight, it seems odd to think of her as immersed in household cares, as often making butter with her own hands, or looking after the packing of apples on the back piazza, the cutting and packing of pork, the pruning of trees, busy in caring for the rooms, or waging the housekeeper's insurgent war of spring; yet she took great delight in her household

duties (all except the "buttering," which she disliked), and everything was under her personal supervision. Many were the pies of mince and golden squash, the cakes galore, the plum puddings and custards, prepared by her for festal occasions and for daily use. I can assure you that they were excellent, that the pies were well worth the extreme penalty which might attach to the disposal of them, while the plum puddings were a dream of bliss.

Mrs. Wheaton was a diligent seamstress and not unacquainted with the mysteries of embroidery, as some trifles testify, laid aside unfinished a half century ago. Another silent witness is a skein of floss. Silkworms were raised and fed on mulberry leaves in the carriage house, but the result did not reach as far as the loom. There was remaining only this soft mass of creamy floss.

A recollection of one of my first visits to Norton is that my aunt took me about the place and told me of this experiment in silkworm raising, and also of her early household cares in the first days of her married life, dwelling with great pride on her milk rooms, for she enjoyed the care of the milk and cream, even if she did dislike the churning and working of the butter. Bees were kept for many years, and there was the honey to look after and divide among the neighbors. Don't you wish

you had been there to receive some of this "lucent honey dripping from the comb"? You know the long path, box-bordered, between the ranks of currant bushes that ran down so far back of the house, where there is a bit of an orchard. The hives were kept in a line beyond at the left as you reached the end of the currant row, and there they remained for years after the bees and honey had disappeared. The currant row itself is reminiscent of my aunt in fruit time, of her jelly-making, the invitations to young seminarists and teachers to come "at sunset" and eat currants, to friends and neighbors to come and fill their baskets for their own jelly-making.

The earlier years of Mrs. Wheaton's marriage belonged, to a certain extent, to the golden age of American furniture. Many pieces of fine design were found in the houses of those days that later on were relegated to the garret, crowded out by the vandal black walnut. This house was no exception, but accumulated much of interest in the successive years. It is nothing but wooden stuff, you may say, but it has tongues that will speak to those whose memories go half-way back to meet it. The first dining-table that was used by the youthful Wheatons was a little square mahogany affair, with slender legs and slight curves running in on the sides at the places where people sit,

as if desirous of encircling them with inviting embrace. The china that graced the board in some of these early years was the old Canton blue, many pieces of which, having survived the onslaughts of time, are now in the possession of some of Mrs. Wheaton's nieces. Do any of you remember the tiny washstands of Sheraton shape, one of them three-cornered, or that immense four-poster bedstead surmounted by apparent cannon-balls in gilded innocence? There were charming mahogany bureaus, a much older mahogany chest of drawers set on claw feet grasping a ball; there were many beautiful mahogany tables of all sizes and styles, from the simplest form to those elaborately and heavily carved. One old desk is of special interest. It belonged to Judge Wheaton, and was for years used by him as a writing-desk. It is of the typical colonial form, with the ends of cherry, the rest of Honduras mahogany (much lighter than the San Domingo), having the usual brasses, the slides to support the top, and the secret drawer. Another piece of furniture, interesting from association, is now in the possession of Mr. Alfred Wild, a relative of the Wheatons. It is a sturdy, plain old wooden office chair, with low back curving around to the arm, the right-hand arm spread out to a great width to serve as a table. Here Judge Wheaton wrote, and on this table arm he

mixed his toddies! This was before the days of the temperance revolution, you know. Bless your dear hearts, they all mixed toddies then! When I was a young girl attending the Seminary and happily ensconced in the "long room" at my aunt's, this chair was temporarily bestowed upon me, with the hope expressed that I might find inspiration in it. But alas! the inspiration did not come through either toddy glass or pencil tip; for in that chair I underwent awful agonies in composition of unruly essays, and I finally concluded that the magic of association did not always "make good."

Among the quaint old types of chairs, the oldest were probably the lyre-backed or fiddle-backed, which so many will remember as having a place in the drawing-room. The seats were covered with a rich cream-colored damask, once rainbow bright with marvellous houses and trees, now softly faded, which was bought at auction from the sea chest of some defunct sea captain. Two other chairs, dear to many hearts, were the tiny low cathedral chairs, cushioned in crimson plush, in which through many succeeding decades young girls have sat at the feet of their worshipful elders: the "queen mother," as Mrs. Wheaton has been called, or the principal beloved and feared, or some favorite teacher of the heart's first choice. Behold as it

fades into the past this procession of humble young things, fair Sauls at the feet of receding Gamaliels.

Do you remember that piano, that ancient Chickering, whose sweet thin tinkle never gave way to the voice of any newer, more resounding instrument? And do some of you remember, in the drawing-room that afternoon of the "graduates' tea," that our greatest treat was when Mrs. Metcalf seated herself before it, and to our utmost delectation played to us her tune, her one and only, with one finger — or was it two? And that is the very chair, the big dark crimson arm-chair with the fine carving atop where the dear lady always sat on these state occasions, the chair of honor reserved for her whom we all honored as the supremest of principals, the most unique, the wisest, kindest, firmest, and best, adored for her adorable pout, for her incisive speech, exulted in for her beauty, undimmed by age, — those tender falls of snow, those faint sweet roses of autumn time; undoubtedly she was a darling, though greatly revered, and it was in our hearts that we carried her.

Oh, this old home is full of ghosts, dear, friendly comfortable ghosts, and everything in it utters speech. The beautiful Napoleonic profile of Miss Mellus was often silhouetted against those walls, and then be sure that Miss Carter's fragile form

was never far away. This was certainly a union of the oak and the vine. The Lady Eloquent was there again, once Miss Knight, now Mrs. Beane, white-haired, with mild, sweet face, and when she chose to expound high matters in those rounded periods of sonorous dignity, there was no question whether it were well to sit back and listen. Miss Carter's fine intellect busied itself with things abstruse, of rare import, while Miss Mellus, we quivering with extreme delight, delivered her lordly pronunciamentos regarding the world and its affairs; Miss Carter's rippling laugh would be the answer, and Miss Mellus, rising to take leave, would always wind up her remarks with this: "Now, Annie Carter, you *know* that it is thus and so" (and it generally was)! These two of the "cottage" were great intimates at this house, and many happy weeks have the four spent together at the seaside and on their summer journeys.

As these forms came and passed, two others perhaps may be said to have taken their place in the rooms and heart of the mistress of the mansion. At any rate, they were very dear to her: Miss Stanton, the beauty of whose distinguished presence, gracious dignity, and conversational charm was but the window through which shone the fine light of the inward spirit, and Miss Pike, whom one always remembers with that heavy crown of soft hair

about her gentle face, the teacher and "housemother" so dearly beloved of the girls for her unusual attainments, her quick insight and tender sympathy, she whose flying visits were among the "greatest joys" of Mrs. Wheaton's later days.

And so the procession interminably comes and goes. Black coats were in it, for many men of note, of affairs, of distinction, have had to do with Wheaton Seminary, and have consulted and visited at the Wheaton Mansion, but always in this house I see an endless shadowy train of women, the very crown and flower of old New England.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY LIFE IN NORTON

Mrs. Wheaton must have been married almost immediately upon leaving school, for her wedding day was June 25, 1829, and yet her name appears in the catalogue published in January, 1830, of the Young Ladies' High School in Boston. This was one of the very best of all the good schools for which Boston has always been noted. Among the 168 names of the catalogue a large majority are those of well-known old Boston families, famed quite as much for their solidity of character as for their wealth and culture. The prospectus of the school shows that a sound English education was its first desideratum, though Professors were employed in French, Italian, Spanish, music, and dancing, these branches being counted as *extras*. The price of tuition was $80 a year — a very high price for those days. The regulations are such as to be a guarantee that the pupils would receive the best training both in character and habits. It is remarked, "The government of the school is strictly one of laws. The rules and regulations were formed by a committee, selected by the

scholars themselves." It is also said, "No scholars are *required* to go through the whole course; and few will be able to do so unless they begin at a very early age, and are constant in their attendance." This last clause seems rather severe, since school kept twelve months in the year, with *no* vacations. In those pre-normal-school days, it is significant that there was in the school a class of young ladies preparing to teach, and that these young ladies were given practice in teaching in the school itself. As this was at about the time when the monitorial system of teaching was greatly in favor in this country, it would seem that the Lancasterian plan was in some measure adopted by the school.

That Eliza Chapin's course at this school had a strong influence in moulding the course later adopted at Wheaton Seminary there can be little doubt.

On coming to Norton, she was received into a family of wealth and culture. Judge Wheaton, her husband's father, was a man of national reputation. Graduating from Harvard College, he had studied for the ministry; but this profession proving injurious to his health, he afterwards became a lawyer, and as such gained both fame and wealth, for he had "with intellectual strength of a very high order, acute legal knowledge and untiring application to his professional duties." He sat for

seven years in the Massachusetts Legislature, and represented his district in Congress for eight years. In 1810, under Governor Gore, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; and in 1819, under Governor Brooks, Chief Justice of the Court of Sessions. He was an upright, benevolent man, but that he was undemonstrative is shown by a remark of his I have heard my mother quote: "I may have taken my daughter in my arms when an infant, but my son never." The doggerel of an irreverent boy, referring to "Old Judge Wheaton's under jaw," gives us an even livelier sense of his inflexibility than his fine, strong portrait at the Seminary; yet, inflexible as he must have been, no one can read the series of his brief letters, now to become the property of the Seminary, relating his experience for years in caring for the insane son of a friend living in England, without realizing the tenderness and self-sacrifice that accompanied his conscientious devotion to duty.

"In 1794, at the age of forty, he was married to his cousin, Miss Fanny Morey, daughter of Samuel Morey, Esq.," of Norton, with whom he lived for fifty-two years. Mrs. Wheaton outlived her husband but two or three years. We know less of her than of Judge Wheaton, but she must have been a woman who sympathized with him in his benevolent undertakings, for when the Seminary was

opened, she temporarily gave up her comfortable home — "now the Mansion House — the large rooms being divided into two by partitions, for the use of boarders," and when the little church was built, she contributed to it from her private purse. In our own Mrs. Wheaton's early letters, the affectionate messages to "Mother Wheaton" show the same regard and respect for her that were evinced late in life whenever she referred to either "Father" or "Mother" Wheaton.

Of the four children of the elder Wheatons two died early, and at the time of Eliza Chapin's marriage only Laban Morey and his sister Eliza F. were living, the sister having married, in 1826, Woodbridge Strong, M. D., of Boston.

This was the family into which the slender young girl was now welcomed. Young and quiet as she was, she had such integrity of character and such dignity of bearing that it is clear she fully met the somewhat exacting standards maintained in it. There was no question that the family dignity would be safe in her hands. Indeed, when one of the townspeople, coming to her door, inquired familiarly for "Laban," — naturally enough, since he had been brought up side by side with him, — her dismay was so great that it was remembered for three quarters of a century. Her influence over her husband was felt by all his friends to be enno-

bling, and one, writing to her after Mr. Wheaton's death in 1865, says, "You have a husband in heaven who might never have reached its pearly gates but for you."

The few old people now living who remember Mrs. Wheaton as a bride of twenty, all speak of her as beautiful, and those of the next generation who remember the traditions of their parents tell the same story. Miss Mary E. Blair, one of Wheaton Seminary's greatest teachers, in a paper written for the meeting of the New England Wheaton Club in 1906, in memory of Mrs. Wheaton, pictures her thus even thirty years later, "When I saw Mrs. Wheaton for the first time in 1856, she was still in the glory of womanhood, a beautiful woman, tall, erect, and stately, with regular features, fair complexion, and dark brown hair. She had great dignity of manner, not inviting to familiarity."

She seems to have been a radiant, vigorous young woman. In the circle that gathered in the desolated mansion after her funeral was an old gentleman who gave a characteristic word of hers. It seems he had once tripped over some obstruction on entering a room, and Mrs. Wheaton had said quickly, "You should step high; I am a *high-stepper*." Hers was no shuffling gait. Even when she was an elderly woman, many will remember that she retained her strong, secure step. She was

high-spirited, — though not in the sense of taking offence easily, for she was humble and reverent.

This young woman, looking eagerly out on the world, ready to do all good things that her hands found to do, had a warm and tender heart, and she had not been long in the village before she began to help in every way.

It was in 1832 that the Trinitarian Congregational Church was organized. Mrs. Wheaton was not only one of its charter members, but took an active interest in it from the beginning, which was in keeping with the Chapin character — witness, that of the forty-three members of the church organized in Chicopee in 1752, thirty-two were Chapins of the same stock as Mrs. Wheaton.

She at once became a teacher in the new Sunday-school. An octogenarian, who was then a little girl, writes that Mrs. Wheaton continued to be a Sunday-school teacher till she was eighty years old.

"At first," she says, "she had a class of young boys, then of young ladies, then of older ones. . . . I have received a letter from one of her Sabbath-school boys — an old man now. He said that she was a beautiful young lady at that time, he should never forget her talks and her prayers for her boys."

She seems to have been especially drawn to help

the children of the village in all things. The same letter speaks of her early temperance work. "She was interested in one of the greatest temperance meetings that I ever knew in Norton. Each scholar in the Sabbath-school was provided with a temperance badge to wear on the shoulder, and [there was] a flag at the head of every class. We marched to the grove, where the tables were set with plenty of food and beautifully decorated with flowers. John B. Gough and other speakers from out of town were present. Mrs. Wheaton was at the head of all this great and good work. I was one of her scholars at the time."

This temperance celebration, so vividly remembered for seventy years or more, was not the only part of Mrs. Wheaton's temperance work that made an impression on the children. An old gentleman writes, "When I was quite young I was in what was called the 'Coldwater Army,' and it used to meet in the church vestry. Very often we would march, and go to Mrs. Wheaton's — go into her dooryard. At such times she would come out and talk to us in her kindly manner, trying to make us live temperate lives." This old gentleman adds: "She always liked to look after the young people and encourage them in doing right. I remember once when there was some kind of entertainment at the church vestry, some of the people talked of

having grab-boxes or something similar, and Mrs. Wheaton objected, saying that she did not want anything to 'smite the young people's conscience.'" Of the spirit in which she worked, the same writer says: "She was a person who did not care to joke herself, but she enjoyed seeing other people have a good time. She never seemed to want to push herself ahead if it was going to interfere with the plans of others, but would make suggestions, hoping that they would think them over, at least."

Rigorous as Mrs. Wheaton's conscience was, she seems generally to have preferred the wise way of suggesting the good rather than of condemning the bad. At a much later date, a lady remembers Mrs. Wheaton's coming to visit her mother when she herself was a tiny child, and that Mrs. Wheaton addressed her, smiling benignantly, with the words, "Ah, here is the *little lady!*" The "little lady" was so proud of the title that she never forgot it, and possibly it may have had something to do in forming the charming manners that now distinguish her. One lady, however, reports a mild reproof administered to her in her childhood by Mrs. Wheaton, because she had said that the weather was "too bad," "evidently thinking," the lady adds, "I was finding fault with God's way of working. I remember it was said that when she planned to go away from home the weather made no difference with

her. *She* did not plan THAT, but she was going to follow *her* plans."

It will be seen that the early years of her married life were filled to the brim, not only with her household duties, which were always perfectly discharged, but with work for the church and for the children of the town. The *kind* of devotion she showed is illustrated by an entry in her journal somewhat later in life, when she made with her own hands "Seven pans of Park St. cake for children's pic-nic. Went to pic-nic, but staid but little while my bones ached so."

Every one remembers her, too, as being active in the social life of the village, and her notes referring to the "Harmony Circle" show that she received as well as gave pleasure by her interest in the simple society of the place.

No life can be *dull*, though it may be painful, to one who accepts all its responsibilities. And that Mrs. Wheaton did from the first.

It must not be supposed, however, that the variety of her life consisted only in a variety of duties, and that she had no more exhilarating pleasures than a May-Day Festival or a panorama of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, though it is evident from her notes that to her unspoiled mind even these simple entertainments brought genuine enjoyment.

All through their married life, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton were constant travellers. Their journeys were not always long ones, but the number of them was very large. They took delight in driving all over the country with their own superb horses — usually, in the early days at least, of the Black Hawk strain. To drive to Boston, or Providence, or Uxbridge, and spend a few charming days with their numerous friends and relatives was their habit whenever they had a little leisure, and these friends and relatives were as frequently welcomed in their own hospitable home.

At various times during every year, but especially in the fine autumn weather, it was their custom to take longer drives — to the Berkshire hills, to the White Mountains, to Vermont, etc., etc. On these tours they were usually accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Judson, who seem to have had similar tastes. Mrs. Judson was Mrs. Wheaton's beloved and beautiful sister Mary.

As the railways were opened in different parts of the country, these four people took advantage of them to make longer journeys — especially to Canada, to Saratoga, and various parts of the West. Sometimes they started on their trips with their own horses, leaving them at some convenient point until their return.

The Wheatons were almost as often in New

York as in Boston. They had many friends there, and they also made a point of seeing all the interesting sights that are to be found in a great city. It is noticeable in Mrs. Wheaton's journals that when she visits any city, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, or wherever it may be, she always seems to have been first attracted by the picture galleries. There could not have been much worth seeing in them in those early days, but she evidently longed to see all she could. The European galleries were to come later.

Another point of interest to her everywhere was the flowers. Her diaries mention several trips to Boston and Salem expressly to see the Victoria Regia. She takes pains to fill a travelling-bag with flowers from her own beautiful garden, when sending it to her friends in New York, who have no gardens, — not once, but often. Her love of natural beauty was always an enthusiasm. In her diaries, she notes not only the weather, but the special beauty brought out by the weather. A beautiful rainbow always seems to her worth mentioning. Of the famous ice storm of December, 1855, she writes: "Every spire of grass and shrub and tree, covered with ice, formed from the drizzly rain of yesterday, which presented the most magnificent display of crystals I ever looked upon — all glittered with jewels of dazzling brilliance when the

sun shone. It continued perfect for 4 or 5 days." [1] The Wheatons kept up their custom of travelling as long as Mr. Wheaton lived. They were often accompanied by a party of friends, and one can hardly doubt that in many cases their companions were their guests. In 1854, one party of eleven, including several Seminary teachers, visited the White Mountains, whose scenery always roused enthusiasm in Mrs. Wheaton. The crowning achievement of this journey was the marriage, at Crystal Falls, of the Rev. Mr. Lothrop to Miss Gilman, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Franklin Holmes, the young pastor of the Norton church, who the next year married Miss Martha Sawyer, — at that time a member of the Wheaton family, — who, with her sister Charlotte, formed a part of the happy company.

The longest trip in the United States of which we have any record was taken by the Wheatons, with Miss Sawyer, in 1850. They visited New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Harper's Ferry, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, the Mammoth Cave, Bowling Green, Nashville (where

[1] It has been thought best not to "edit" the letters and diaries of Mrs. Wheaton. If, in her hasty notes and enthusiastic descriptions, she occasionally forgets to construct her sentences according to the rules of Lindley Murray, still, any attempt on the part of another to correct her little lapses would be sure to take something from the vividness of her words.

a call was made on Mrs. Polk, widow of President Polk), St. Louis, Jacksonville, Springfield, Chicago, White Pigeon (to see the "precious brother Adolphus"), Kalamazoo, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara Falls (Table Rock fell within a few hours of their standing upon it), Utica, Trenton Falls, Schenectady, and Albany, whence they proceeded down the Hudson to New York and thence home, having been absent from April 30 to July 10.

As all the places visited are familiar to us now, it would be, perhaps, out of place to quote largely from Mrs. Wheaton's full journals and letters describing this trip, though she writes with vivacity of the beautiful scenes she visits. She must have been a good traveller, or she could hardly have endured the stage drive over the Alleghany Mountains, which she thus describes in a letter to her "very precious sister" Mary: "After the preliminaries, we took our seats with the kindest feeling we could summon on so suddenly being put on the social system of packing 9 persons into the space of a few feet, with certainty of passing the night in the same dilemma, knowing that the next morning your feet might be claimed as somebody's else, and somebody's else passed off for yours. After being packed so we should not shake much *singly*, the driver mounted and slowly measured off his 10 miles, then fresh horses and driver and

another 10 miles when we alighted for supper,—and we were the largest company of stage passengers I've seen for 20 yrs., numbering about 70,—there were 6 stages, and every 10 miles we changed horses and drivers, which added much to our comfort and safety by not having sleepy and drunken drivers. The moon shone bright, and I did a great deal of nodding, so that for two days after hardly to be able to turn my head." On the Monongahela they took a steamer for Pittsburg (which she compares to a "blacksmith's shop"). On arriving at Pittsburg, she and "Matty" hastened at once to the post-office, where "to my GREAT JOY," she says, "found two letters, one from you and one from Maria" (Mrs. S. A. Chapin). In Cincinnati, nothing interested her so much as Powers's Greek Slave, of which she had previously "seen many copies in plaster and daugeritype (I know I don't spell that ugly word right)." This suggests the very recent introduction of the now obsolete daguerreotype.

Of all the interesting places she visited on this journey, none called forth such enthusiasm as Mammoth Cave. She writes page after page of foolscap in describing its marvellous sights. In her pocket diary, she notes of her first day in the Cave: "Walked 18 miles and saw things unutterable, grand and wonderful!! Deep pits, awful chasms,

hollows, hills, domes, rivers, etc., are to be seen, with stalactite and other remarkable formations." In her letter to her sister, she thus describes the river Lethe: "A River in a Cave!! The blackness of darkness surrounds you. An arch high and spanning some fifty feet all of stone, and a River perhaps 25 or 30 ft. deep!! Stephen (the black guide) steps into the boat and scoops out the water. Then Matty and I step in and take our seats. Mr. W. and a Mr. A. stand, while Stephen sculls it along, all the while singing sweetly, which breaks the unearthly stillness."

On the Echo River, the high arch becomes so low that they cry out, "'Oh, guide, we can't go under!' 'Oh, I reckon we can,' he coolly replies, and says, 'Bow your heads — bend over.' We do so, almost lying down. An awful dilemma!! Darkness behind — darkness before us. An arch of solid rock over us, and a river 20 or 30 ft. deep ready to swallow us up!!" The echo she thought "very beautiful, surpassing the White Mt. Echo."

After a four-mile walk, they stop for refreshment: "A napkin is spread on a rock — our lamps are placed around it to give light, for altho' at noonday, not one ray of light for many miles can approach us. The bread, the pie, cookies, meat, etc. are laid down and the pint flask of '*nice French Brandy*' is taken out, from which our new made

acquaintance, Mr. A., urges us to drink, but I decline on the ground that I do not need it, that I am a teetotaller, and that when I needed a very steady head, it would be hazardous to take what might make me giddy. He invites Stephen to drink. I look anxiously, for on him our hopes depend, with the blessing of God, for a safe return to the world." The beauty of the stalactites and stalagmites, the crystals and the columns, she feels to be beyond description, but speaks of her "wonder and delight" at what she saw.

She describes the dress of herself and "Matty" on this occasion: "Turkish frocks and trousers, our heads bound in silk handkerchiefs, leather shoes on our feet, and old gloves on our hands." Truly, the Mrs. Wheaton of that journey was a younger woman than most of us have known!

Mr. Wheaton, who had been graduated from Brown University in 1817, had afterwards studied law with his father. He gave his time, however, more to business than to the practice of law, having an interest in several factories in Norton. He gave a good deal of time to the public service, "was elected three times to the State legislature, twice represented his district in the Governor's Council, and was a trustee of the State Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster." These various offices required

him to be much away from home, but usually Mrs. Wheaton was the companion of his trips. The Wheatons passed much time in Boston, sometimes spending the winter in some hotel there.

It will be seen that Mrs. Wheaton's life was by no means an empty one even in her early Norton days. But in 1834 Mrs. Strong died in Boston, leaving no children, and that was a turning-point in the life of the Wheaton family.

CHAPTER V

THE FOUNDING OF WHEATON SEMINARY

We know little of Mrs. Strong, but the winning portrait of her that used to hang in the Wheaton mansion helps us to understand the overwhelming grief of her father, then eighty years old, at her loss. Judge Wheaton's first thought was to raise a costly monument to her memory. It was then that his son's young wife gently turned his thoughts to a nobler memorial — the founding of a high-class school for girls.

Seventy years later, Miss Clara M. Pike, a teacher in that Seminary, to whom Mrs. Wheaton was deeply attached, asked her if the thought of such a school was first suggested to her by Mrs. Strong's death. "Oh, no! no!" she said with emphasis, and added that even before her marriage she had felt the need of better education for girls. It was, therefore, her earnest outlook on life, even in girlhood, her sincere desire to realize her high ideals, both for herself and for other girls, that made her ready for the opportunity when it came; and, when it came, there was no flinching from it, though we may doubt if it was altogether easy for her to make that suggestion

to the dignified and grief-stricken old man. That she could make it, and that it was acted upon, speaks eloquently for the place she had already won for herself in her husband's family. No doubt it was her unselfishness that made her plea effective, for in the end all the portion of Judge Wheaton's property that was to have been Mrs. Strong's was given to the Seminary, whereas, in the natural course of things, it would have come to Mrs. Wheaton's own husband, so that in a certain sense, the money itself may be said to have been the gift of Mrs. Wheaton. Both Judge Wheaton and his son yielded completely to her influence in this matter, and the Seminary became one of the chief interests in their lives.

Mrs. Wheaton's suggestion was a much more significant one than it may seem now when large sums of money are constantly given for the education of women. We must not claim too much, but it is doubtful whether, at that time, there was anywhere in the world a high-class school *endowed* expressly for girls, with the exceptions of Adams Academy in Londonderry, N. H., founded in 1823 with an endowment of four thousand dollars, and the Abbot Academy at Andover, of which the original endowment in 1828 was only one thousand dollars for a building, though, at the death of Mrs. Sarah Abbot, who gave this money, it received more

than ten thousand dollars additional. Both these endowments were much less than that of Judge Wheaton, for the Act of the Massachusetts Legislature for 1837, by which "Laban M. Wheaton, Cyrus W. Allen, and Lemuel Perry, their associates and successors," were made a corporation of Proprietors of the Seminary, allows "said corporation to hold real estate to the amount of ten thousand dollars, and personal estate to the amount of ten thousand dollars, to be devoted exclusively to purposes of education," and by another Act, passed in 1839, the corporation was empowered "to hold real estate to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, and personal estate to the amount of twenty thousand dollars *in addition* to the amount" previously authorized. Of course this does not prove that Judge Wheaton gave sixty thousand dollars to the Seminary, but among his papers still existing is a memorandum showing that he expected the income of his bequest to be about four thousand dollars. Two later acts, those of 1890 and 1902, now enable the corporation to hold property to the value of more than a million dollars. In view of this, the endowment of 1837 seems very small, yet in comparison with the funds at the disposal of other girls' schools of the time, it was princely.

Of the group of high-class boarding-schools in

New England that did so much to metamorphose the education of women there, and sowed so much of the seed that afterwards bore fruit in women's colleges, several were in existence when, in 1834, Mrs. Wheaton made her now famous suggestion. Bradford Academy was a flourishing school, endowed in 1803, but until 1836 it was a school for both sexes. The Emma Willard School, now of Troy, N. Y., was founded by Mrs. Willard in 1814, in Middlebury, Vt., but that was never endowed, though in 1819 a portion of the literature fund for girls' schools in New York was given to it, being the first known legislative appropriation of money for the education of girls.

Probably the most influential school for girls in the country in 1834 was the Ipswich Seminary, at Ipswich, Mass., which, established for both sexes, had, in 1828, become a seminary for young ladies only, under the pioneers, Miss Grant (afterwards Mrs. Bannister) and Miss Lyon (the two teachers who had already made the Londonderry Academy famous). But Ipswich had no endowment; and it was this fact that led Miss Lyon to undertake the crusade that ended in the opening of Mt. Holyoke in 1837. It was during this crusade that Mrs. Strong died, and that Wheaton Seminary was opened in 1835, though not incorporated till 1837. There can hardly have been

any other well-endowed school for girls in the country at that time, for on February 4, 1832, Miss Lyon, writing to President Hitchcock of Amherst College, advocated a plan for a "permanent female seminary," in these words: "What permanent female seminaries are now in existence? What one in New England, of a high character, is necessarily, from its plan, destined to outlive its present teachers?"

Furthermore, in 1834, "there was not in any State of our Union a Normal School," — that at Lexington, Mass., afterwards removed to Framingham, was opened in 1839, — "or in any town or city a High School for the education of girls." The only opportunities girls then had for education were in the district schools, the academies, and a few admirable private schools.

In view of these facts, Mrs. Wheaton's thought was certainly the thought of a pioneer. Now the great movement for the higher education of women everywhere, which is one of the most far-reaching in its effects of all the great movements of the nineteenth century, began in the United States, and not only in the United States, but in New England. So that the modest young woman who suggested the endowment of Wheaton Seminary was, unconsciously to herself, giving efficient help in a cause that has raised the standard of life all over the world.

But we know less than we should like to know about Mrs. Wheaton's part in founding the Seminary. When, in 1885, Miss Lucy Larcom wrote her beautiful semicentennial sketch of Wheaton Seminary, she wrote at Norton, under the eye of Mrs. Wheaton herself. The teachers of the time remember with some amusement how, again and again, Mrs. Wheaton returned the pages Miss Larcom submitted to her, with a line drawn through them wherever her own name was mentioned. Even in speaking of her original suggestion, Miss Larcom was only allowed to say, "One who stood very near to him [Judge Wheaton] and shared his grief, said, 'Why not make it a living monument?'" From first to last, Mrs. Wheaton always shrunk from anything that could in any way detract from the honor due to "Father Wheaton."

As soon as a seminary had been determined upon, Miss Lyon was invited to Norton for consultation as to its plans. She became deeply interested in it, and spent much of the year 1835 at Norton, though, being pledged to the school soon to be opened at South Hadley, she could not take a permanent position at Wheaton.

It may be asked why was not Judge Wheaton's gift made to Mt. Holyoke, then in sore need of an endowment? It is true the schools at South Hadley and Norton had in common the great aim of

providing a broad and thorough Christian education for young women, yet their specific aims were a little different. Miss Lyon was greatly impressed with the need of training teachers, there being at that time so few women competent to teach that the demand for the Ipswich graduates was far in excess of the supply. She believed, indeed, that the training that would make a good teacher would also be good training for a woman in any walk of life, but her chief interest was in teachers. To reduce the expense of the training to meet the needs of capable women with small means, she proposed that the pupils should do the housework of the institution, and in that way, she actually succeeded in bringing the cost for board and tuition down to sixty dollars a year!

The Wheatons also believed in the thorough training that would fit women for teachers, and Wheaton Seminary has sent out a very large number of high-class teachers, the accomplished lady who is now the President of the Seminary that has become Mt. Holyoke College being herself a Wheaton graduate. But the Wheatons were most interested in that large class of girls, much larger proportionally then than now, who would spend their lives chiefly in their own homes, and they greatly desired to make the school of value to the girls of their own *town*.

As no scheme of domestic training was arranged at Norton, the expenses of the school were greater than at South Hadley, but they were within the reach of the daughters of professional men in the country towns — ministers, doctors, lawyers, and schoolmasters, and large numbers of such girls availed themselves of this opportunity for education, giving a high moral and intellectual tone to the school. There were so many good private schools in the larger cities at this time, that the seminaries drew chiefly from the country; but at Norton there was always a contingent from Boston, New York, and other large cities. These girls, together with the daughters of manufacturers and merchants all over the country, and, up to the Civil War, the daughters of rich Southerners, being accustomed to more luxury than the others, added certain graces and refinements to the boarding-school life that could not well be missed. The organization of the school was thoroughly democratic, the rich and the poor meeting together in perfect equality, and a girl's standing depended solely on herself.

It was the purpose of the school to mould all these heterogeneous materials into noble, refined, useful women. At a recent meeting of the Wheaton Club in Boston, an old lady was asked if she could give us any reminiscences of Mrs. Wheaton for

this book. She replied, "Why, no. To tell the truth, I was a very naughty little girl, sent to Wheaton to keep me out of harm's way, and I did n't know Mrs. Wheaton very well, though I remember she was always kind to the girls and invited them to visit her, very often. But, you see, I was very naughty. I remember meeting *Mr.* Wheaton once on the sidewalk in front of the Seminary, and he said, 'I hear you are a very naughty little girl. But cheer up! You'll do well by and by.' I am not very good now, but everything in me that is worth while I owe to Wheaton Seminary." This anecdote is not told as characteristic of Mr. Wheaton. He seldom spoke to any school-girl, and when he did speak, it was usually with ceremony and dignity. But it is characteristic of the spirit of the school. Sometimes there were naughty girls in the school — occasionally a very naughty girl. But it was always expected that she would be better. The teachers, and most of the girls, too, were always trying to help her to be better, and a very large number of the pupils grew to noble womanhood.

A bundle of unpublished letters of Miss Lyon to the Wheatons, in reference to the founding of the school, has lately been given to the Seminary by Mrs. Mary Chapin Smith. From the first of these, dated Ipswich, July 3, 1834, we quote Miss

Lyon's description of Miss Caldwell (afterwards Mrs. Cowles), the teacher whom, in response to Mr. Wheaton's request for advice, she was recommending for the new school: —

"Miss Caldwell wishes to devote herself to the business of teaching, not to promote mainly her own interests and happiness, but to promote the present and future and eternal welfare of the rising generation. She does not wish to engage in any place without knowing so much of the situation as to know that it would be favorable for the promotion of these objects. If she should, after further consideration, think favorably of the plan of laboring in your place, before any decision is formed, I think it advisable that she should visit your place and learn what she can on the spot, which she could not learn in any other way.

. . . . . .

"I rejoice that your father has decided to go forward in this benevolent undertaking. May he live to see great and good results, and have abundant cause to thank God that this was put into his heart. And may you, sir, live to see greater things than his eyes shall behold, and may you ever bless our Heavenly Father, who has given to your dear and honored father a heart to care for those beyond his own household. Such a spirit in a father

is a rich legacy to children, which cannot be estimated by riches and gold."

Further correspondence proving favorable to the engagement of Miss Caldwell, Miss Lyon submitted a plan for the school to the Trustees. It contains seven articles. No pupils under 14 were to be admitted (the age was afterwards changed to 13). Board was not to exceed that at Ipswich, which, including washing and lights (fuel extra), was $1.75 a week. (That the sum finally fixed upon was $1.67, helps us to realize how very closely calculations were made in those days for the expenses of girls who were not in any sense charity scholars, but who belonged to families in fairly easy circumstances.) Only two pupils were to share a room. The length of terms, price of tuition, etc., were other points fixed.

Miss Caldwell had already been four years a teacher at Ipswich, and one of the articles in Miss Lyon's paper reads: —

"The school is to be conducted on the same general principles as Ipswich Female Seminary. This is in compliance with the request of Mr. Wheaton, and in accordance with the wishes of Miss Caldwell. As it could not be expected that the Board of Trustees should devote the time requisite to become acquainted with the plans of the Ipswich Female Seminary, it is proposed that

under their general oversight, the responsibility of the course of instruction and mode of government, the formation and execution of the plans of the school, be committed directly to Miss Caldwell, till the system pursued shall be tested to the satisfaction of the Trustees."

How much more important the welfare of the school seemed to ladies like Miss Lyon and Miss Caldwell than the rewards to be looked for by the teacher is revealed by the fact that Miss Caldwell's salary is the last point mentioned, and in these terms, it having been premised that no rent should be paid for the schoolhouse Judge Wheaton was now building: —

"Miss Caldwell is to receive the tuition for compensation, and is to be responsible for all expenses connected with the school." The tuition had been placed at $5 for each of the four terms of eleven weeks each, and the number of scholars was an entirely unknown quantity, facts which emphasize the intrepidity of Miss Caldwell!

December 23, Miss Lyon writes earnestly against a proposition to allow four pupils to occupy one room. She also speaks wisely of the great responsibilities of a teacher who boards in a family with her pupils, — for the first boarding-house belonging to the Seminary was not built till the second year of the school.

February 25, 1835, she writes again on this point, explaining Miss Caldwell's great reluctance to take the responsibility of boarding with the pupils, but saying also that as both Miss Grant and herself felt this to be important, Miss Caldwell would probably yield to their judgment. She continues: —

"When a teacher boards with so many scholars, and takes so much responsibility, which all other families must take on themselves, and which really belongs to those who receive the boarders, it is common to grant some favor in return, and I think it would be just and suitable. Some families here would have been willing to give a teacher her board if they could have had the privilege of having one in the family. I do not know what Miss Caldwell will think about this, but I should propose only that they should always furnish Miss Caldwell a room *alone*, and expect to do more errands for her than they would for the young ladies, and perhaps furnish a little more and better furniture for her than for the young ladies, and that her board should be the same price [as that] of the others. This would be reasonable, and no family who will look at it will complain. Miss Caldwell will be satisfied with whatever will be for the best good of the school, and what will be best for her successor. But it appears to me that any less

favors granted in the boarding-house to the principal of the Seminary would operate against the reputation of the institution, and against obtaining an able teacher to be at the head of the institution.

"I have read this to Miss Grant, and requested her opinion, and she says that these favors the teachers ought by all means to receive, and at least one more, which I forgot to mention — that the principal should at any time feel at liberty to receive a friend as a visitor several days, to occupy the chamber with herself without charge. . . . At first Miss Grant queried whether it would not be more suitable that Miss Caldwell should receive some pecuniary compensation, besides the extra privileges which I have enumerated. But on the whole, we are agreed that we would request nothing but these favors, but that these would be *just*, as well as suitable."

This catalogue of the perquisites a principal may justly expect may strike us as naïve, but it shows us the stuff of which the founders of Wheaton Seminary were made.

In March, Miss Lyon prepared the prospectus of the new school, to be inserted in the papers: —

WHEATON FEMALE SEMINARY

A school by this name will be opened this Spring in Norton. A commodious building has been

erected by the liberality of the Hon. LABAN WHEATON, and the following gentlemen have been appointed Trustees: Laban Wheaton of Norton; Rev. Sylvester Holmes of New Bedford; Rev. Orin Fowler of Fall River; Rev. Erastus Maltby, and Dea. William Reed of Taunton; Mr. Jonathan Bliss of Attleboro; Lemuel Perry, Esq., and L. M. Wheaton, Esq., of Norton.

It is designed that the general character of this School shall be similar to that of the Ipswich Female Seminary. It is well known that the Seminary at Ipswich is rendered much more pleasant and profitable to adult young ladies by the exclusion of younger misses. As schools adapted to the wants of little girls are so much more numerous than those designed particularly to benefit young ladies of mature age, it is believed that the rejection of younger scholars will render this new institution a greater blessing to the community, even though the number of pupils should in consequence be much smaller at first. None will therefore be received into the School under thirteen years of age. Miss EUNICE CALDWELL, who has been a teacher several years in the Ipswich Female Seminary, will take charge of the School. Competent assistance will be furnished when needed.

The Summer Term will commence on Tuesday,

April 22, and continue twenty-two weeks, with a recess of three days in the middle of the term. Pupils will be received at the commencement and at the middle of each term.

Terms. — Board, including washing and lights, will generally be $1.67 per week, and in no family will it exceed $1.75, to be paid at the close of each half term. Tuition will be $10 for a term of twenty-two weeks — $5 of which is to be paid at the commencement of each half term.

The Trustees will engage good boarding-places for all the applicants that make the request. Only two young ladies will occupy the same chamber. Applications for admission into the School, as well as for board, may be addressed to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees. Several young ladies can be received into the family in which the Teacher boards, and all the pupils will be under her care at their boarding-houses as well as in school. Applications for entrance should be made as early as possible, and they should be decisive, so that there may be no difficulty in retaining good boarding-places.

The same books will generally be used in the School that are used in the Ipswich Female Seminary. The following is the list of books used in that institution: —

The Bible; Worcester's Abridgment of Webster,

or some other English Dictionary; the Eclectic Reader, by B. B. Edwards; Porter's Rhetorical Reader; Mrs. Phelps' Botany; Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History; Woodbridge's Larger Geography; Colburn's First Lessons; Adams' New Arithmetic; Simpson's or Playfair's Euclid; Goodrich's History of the United States, with Emerson's Questions; Smith's and Murray's Grammar; Watts on the Mind; Comstock's Natural Philosophy; Sullivan's Political Class Book; Worcester's Elements of History, with Goldsmith's Greece, Rome, and England; Goodrich's Ecclesiastical History; Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers; Nannon's and Whateley's Rhetoric; Comstock's Chemistry; Wilkins' Astronomy; Paley's Natural Theology; Butler's Analogy; Alexander's Evidences of Christianity, and the American Annals of Education.

Young ladies are requested to take with them any of the above list which they may own; but it is undesirable that they should purchase before entering the school. Every one should be supplied on entering the school with an English Dictionary and Modern Atlas. Books and Stationery can be procured near the Seminary on reasonable terms.

L. M. Wheaton, Secretary.

Norton, March [15?], 1835.

This is not a very ambitious program, perhaps, yet one adapted to teach students to *think*, especially on moral questions. Its aim was to give a sound English education, and it was successful in its object, even though there was no formal teaching of English literature at that time, it being assumed — and not without warrant — that these thoughtful young women would read the best poetry and essays for their own satisfaction without being spurred to do so by a teacher. We know that calisthenics were introduced before 1839, and some of the languages, the piano and vocal music before 1842.

A draft for the act of incorporation of the Seminary is still in existence in Judge Wheaton's microscopic and almost illegible handwriting, though it appears never to have been used. It begins: "Whereas, the promotion of female education is now considered by the wise and good an object of high importance to the rising generation," thus striking clearly the keynote of the new institution. It makes plain the object of the school, — "the promotion of piety, religion, and morality, and the education of females in all branches of Science and Literature *that are suitable and proper for them to attend to.*" The italics are our own.

Judge Wheaton's draft emphasizes Miss Larcom's statement in her Semicentennial Sketch

that the movement in New England towards establishing better schools for women was noticeably a religious one. She points to Rev. Joseph Emerson [1] of Beverly as perhaps the most influential among the pioneers in the work. He established schools for women at Byfield and at Saugus, Mass., and at Wethersfield, Conn., and even prepared text-books for his pupils when needed. He was a broad-minded man in every way, who lectured in his own and neighboring parishes on English poetry, astronomy, etc., before the inauguration of the Lyceum, and who anticipated the manual training idea of to-day by sending his sons destined for the ministry to a printer, to learn type-setting, and to a carpenter, to learn the use of tools.

More than all, his personal influence inspired in his pupils an enthusiasm and self-denying effort that they carried with them through life. Miss Grant and Mary Lyon were among his pupils, and through them the seminaries at Derry, "at Ipswich, at Norton, and at South Hadley may be traced directly back to his influence, and many others which with them sprang up all over the land." Pupils at Ipswich long remembered how

[1] A descendant in double lines of the Rev. Joseph Emerson of Mendon, who died in Concord in 1680, and who was also the ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Miss Grant and Miss Lyon used to quote, "My beloved teacher now in heaven." Through the first three principals at Norton, Miss Caldwell, Miss Knight, and Miss Vose, — all Ipswich pupils, — his influence was continued at Norton, while, later, his son, Rev. Alfred Emerson, married Miss Vose, and was for many years a trustee of the Seminary. Their two daughters were both graduates of the school, and for years among its valued teachers. A letter from one of these daughters, Miss Frances Vose Emerson, then in Paris, read at the Wheaton Memorial Meeting in 1906, furnishes a picture of the opening of the Seminary, and though a part of it refers to a later period, it is given below almost in full.

"It was in 1835, when the Seminary first opened, that my aunt, Catherine Vose, came to Norton, the first pupil on the ground. None of the present boarding-houses were then built, I believe, and the old Judge and Mrs. Wheaton had given up their own home, now the Mansion House, for the use of the girls. The then young Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton also opened their doors to the girls, and it was accordingly to Mrs. Wheaton's own house that my aunt was brought by her brother, and, with the abundant hospitality of those days, which would seem a little unusual in similar circumstances now, the brother was invited to spend the night at Mrs.

Wheaton's. It was a pleasant home that Mrs. Wheaton made for those first girls, albeit with a little more formality than one would find now. Were they not the first girls, and were they not making the precedents for generations of girls to come?

"It was several years after this that my mother was at Norton as teacher and afterwards as principal. The Seminary was young then, it was living through the first stages of childhood, and it was with much solicitude that Mrs. Wheaton watched over those critical years. Certainly I judge that she knew more of the details of everyday life than afterward. In a slight fire that broke out, Mrs. Wheaton herself rushed over, — if you can imagine Mrs. Wheaton rushing, — and, going from room to room, saw that the girls put down their open windows. It was in those early days of the Seminary that Mrs. Wheaton, then a young woman, formed those friendships with the young women who were the early principals and teachers which proved lifelong. Together they planned and prayed for the young school. Nor was their life so wholly serious that they had no time for a little fun, and many a quiet little joke they enjoyed together. Indeed, I think few realized how keen was Mrs. Wheaton's sense of the ludicrous.

"Mrs. Wheaton had the calm, undemonstrative

nature of the typical New England woman, but the durability of those friendships, which lasted for sixty years and over, proved the strength and depth of her affection. With none of those early friends, perhaps, did the friendship continue so tender and intimate as with Mrs. Beane (Miss Knight), 'Lady Beane,' as Mrs. Wheaton used playfully and lovingly to call her.

"After my mother left Norton, family cares in a measure separated her from Mrs. Wheaton, but when, after more than twenty years, my mother brought my sister to school, the two friends met as if they had been apart only a day, and from that time a confidential, almost sisterly intimacy existed between them.

"One of my own pleasantest memories is of a week I spent with Mrs. Wheaton during my school days. I had not been well, and she watched over me with motherly care. I used to find a bunch of delicious Hamburg grapes — were there ever such delicious Hamburgs as grew in her grapery? — in my room every day.

"How wide was Mrs. Wheaton's anniversary hospitality in my school days, when all our family and our friends as well were welcomed! Will any one who knew Mrs. Wheaton in the sixties and seventies forget those June days when one walked up the broad flagstones between the rows of box

to find Mrs. Wheaton at the door, still alert and vigorous, with radiant smile of welcome that fairly transformed her face? How delightful the cool, spacious hall, the shaded parlors, the dining-table, with its delicious strawberries and shining silver, where Mrs. Wheaton presided and Mrs. Beane sat opposite to serve! How Mrs. Beane used to enjoy her quiet fun at Mrs. Wheaton's caution, because she wished to start for the railroad station in time to go back for another carriage if there was a breakdown, and because she cleared a place in the cellar to be prepared for another tornado! [1]

"Another side of Mrs. Wheaton's character came out through my father's connection with the Seminary as Trustee and Treasurer. Her well-ordered accounts and systematic bookkeeping surprised even his methodical and mathematical mind. Her well-balanced judgment, that looked at all sides before deciding; that generosity and modesty that never let the right know what the left hand did; and rarest of all qualities, perhaps, in a character

[1] In this connection may be mentioned the remark of a lady who, as a child fifty years ago, was a near neighbor of Mrs. Wheaton: "A. and I recall her habit of saying that she *had spent some of the happiest hours of her life waiting in railroad stations*." Probably her enjoyment came from her interest in people, for she was a close observer, though the certainty of not missing her train was undoubtedly a satisfaction to one so cautious that, as a niece writes, "in going to drive, a rope and tools, in case of accident, were always in the carriage."

so forceful as Mrs. Wheaton's, that withholding of herself which suggested but did not dictate; these were some of the qualities which were evident to the trustees.

"But that which was the keynote of Mrs. Wheaton's character was her loyalty to her Master. The family prayers, the feeling of being only the steward of her wealth, the constant question, 'What would Christ have me to do?' revealed the secret of her life. The more closely one knew her, the more clearly one saw the reality and beauty of her faith."

The leading facts connected with the early development of the school are beautifully told in Miss Larcom's Semicentennial Sketch, especially the part taken in it by the venerable Judge Wheaton, who lived to be 92 years old, and who gave the diplomas to the graduates "with his own trembling hands" in his 92d year, in 1845, ten years after the school was founded. Miss Larcom was somewhat hampered in writing, however, as all the ten ladies who had then held the position of Principal as Wheaton Seminary were living at the time she wrote, and, in her own words, it would not have been "in good taste to pass their merits in review before their own eyes." Nevertheless, she has left us an inspiring picture of the life of the school in those days. Most of these women

have now passed on, but no one is left who can tell their story from personal knowledge.

However, among Mrs. Wheaton's papers were several sketches evidently written for the 25th and 50th anniversaries of the Seminary, and one of these, unsigned, was written by one of the first pupils. She says: —

"I remember well on a dull Monday morning of April, 1835, the gathering, for the first time, of the pupils in Wheaton Seminary. The bell called us. We were met at the Seminary door by Miss Smith, one of the teachers, and shown where to put our bonnets, and directed to take our seats in the schoolroom. The desks — those of the teachers as well as the others — were straight up and down boards. Two settees were on the platform for trustees. Two or three blackboards formed the background, with not a chalk mark to mar the blackness. [Another sketch says only two pieces of chalk had been provided.] Our faces — perhaps they were young and bright — were certainly leaden in aspect.

"As the bell ceased ringing, Miss Caldwell and the other teachers, Miss Smith and Miss Chickering, came in. Miss Caldwell's cheery 'Good morning, young ladies,' gave us some courage as we began to look about at her and at each other. Miss C. read from God's word and asked his blessing, present and future, for the school.

"One by one we were called to the desk, where we gave our names and ages, the name of each being given in turn to the school. Then came a recess of ten minutes, and our acquaintance and friendships began. Think of those girls [one sketch says there were 39 of them], all strangers to each other, except in a few instances, going out into that sandy yard where grew no shrub, nor flower, nor even a blade of grass! . . . There was no apparatus and no library [another sketch says that the townspeople contributed some philosophical apparatus soon after, and that the Ipswich girls gave $50 for the same purpose; while the first books towards the formation of a library were given by the elder Mrs. Wheaton, and the first piano by our own Mrs. Wheaton, and the younger Mr. Wheaton soon provided excellent desks and chairs]; but we were patiently and thoroughly taught. Miss Caldwell had a class in grammar,— a stupid one, too, when she took it, — but we mastered [our lessons]. Perhaps one of the girls expressed the reason of our success when she said: 'I do believe I shall learn to like even grammar, if I recite to Miss Caldwell.' . . . None of us who boarded at Mrs. Wheaton's can forget her warm interest and generous hospitality; she, as well as Miss Caldwell, used frequently to remind us that the future character of the school would

very much depend on what our conduct in school, in the boarding-house, in church, and in the street should be during that first summer, and to expect us to do our best at all times, and so give a name to the school we should be willing to own. . . .

"The pupils felt that Miss Caldwell was governed in her life, acts, and requirements by the purest and highest motives, which, joined with her kindness, firmness, and consistency in the conduct of affairs, won for her admiring respect and enthusiastic regard. She was the friend of her pupils. She helped them in their difficulties, counselled them in their perplexities, and homesick little girls felt the healing balm of her sympathy. All knew that the spiritual welfare of her pupils was her deepest concern."

One of Mrs. Cowles's (Miss Caldwell's) own letters to Mrs. Wheaton, dated 1860, gives us a picture of Mrs. Wheaton herself in the early days of the school.

"Ah, I have seen you, dear Mrs. Wheaton, in the most pinching weather, leave that sweet parlor that never knows a winter, and, wrapped in garments suited to the sleet and the storm, cross over to the boarding-house, to see and know whether all proper arrangements were made for the comfort of the inmates. Have I not seen you once, twice, and thrice, take to your own charming home, even to

the house Beautiful, the weary and dispirited Principal, lodge her in that chamber whose window looks toward the sun-rising, and that may be fitly named Peace, and there watch and tend her with all a sister's love? You may have forgotten all this; I have not."

Miss Caldwell, having been previously pledged to help Miss Lyon at Mt. Holyoke, left Norton when the new Seminary was opened in 1837. That she took with her the love and sympathy of the Norton girls is seen by the following entries found in an account book in Miss Lyon's handwriting at Mt. Holyoke: —

"October, 1837. Cash from teachers and pupils in the Wheaton Female Seminary, towards furnishing parlor, $100.00."

"November. Cash from teachers and pupils of Wheaton Female Seminary, to complete the furnishing of parlor, $135.00." Miss Larcom adds, in connection with this entry, "The amount collected was certainly a large one for that time, and for a Seminary just beginning its own life; and the record is especially interesting as showing the sympathy of the two schools in their common work." Miss Eliza R. Knight, another Ipswich graduate, followed Miss Caldwell in 1838, and under her, in 1839, the first senior class was graduated. In 1840, Miss Knight resigned to become

the wife of the Rev. Samuel Beane. She was succeeded by her friend, already a teacher in the school, Miss Martha E. W. Vose, another of the famous Ipswich group. She, too, resigned after two years, becoming the wife of the Rev. Alfred Emerson. Miss Martha C. Sawyer held the position of Principal from 1842 to 1846. She is still living (February, 1907), and it was hoped she would be able to contribute some reminiscences to this volume; but her age and infirmities prevent. This is particularly to be regretted, for Miss Sawyer was one of the earliest graduates of Wheaton Seminary, and as a girl she was almost like a daughter to Mrs. Wheaton. The close friendship between the two was maintained to the very end of Mrs. Wheaton's life. Miss Sawyer married the Rev. Franklin Holmes, who was for some years settled in Norton, and she was long a near neighbor of the Wheatons, her home being in what is known as Holmes Cottage, now a part of the Seminary foundation.

Miss Sawyer was followed by Miss Elizabeth A. Cate (Mrs. William Barrows) from 1847 to 1849. We are so fortunate as to have in her handwriting a short paper, written for the Wheaton Memorial Meeting in 1906, she being then in her 83d year. It is a significant fact that Mrs. Wheaton and each of the first five principals of the school all lived to

a great age, and all were active and useful members of society till long past 80, a fact that speaks volumes for their vitality and strength of character.

Mrs. Barrows's paper is called, —

A VERY FEW REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD DAYS AT WHEATON

It was in the February of 1847 that I first met Mrs. Wheaton. Previously I had heard much of her through Miss Martha Vose, whom I knew intimately at Bradford Academy, and who was once a beloved and honored principal of Wheaton Seminary. . . . I had not been particularly impressed by what I had heard of Mrs. Wheaton; up to this time she had been to me only a *name*, but, at once, I knew her for a remarkable woman. A short time before this interview, I had been invited by the Trustees of Wheaton Seminary to take the position of Principal, and had *declined*. I supposed that the question was definitely and finally settled; but I had reckoned without — Mrs. Wheaton!

She was not in strong health, yet she had come to Boston on this inclement winter's day to try and induce me to reverse my decision. She made no labored appeal, but gave a plain statement of *fact*, and *need*, and *opportunity*. She did not disguise any feature of the situation, acknowledging

frankly its difficulties, but drew a glowing picture of what *might* be accomplished if the right course were taken.

I forget the arguments used, tho' I suppose they had their effect; but I remember well the persuasive and earnest tones of her voice, the sweet dignity and graciousness of her manner, and the indomitable spirit that shone through all. In the glamour of her presence and personality all obstacles seemed to disappear. In her vocabulary there was no such word as "*fail*," and of course I yielded. What could I do but lower my colors to a superior force?

I began my labors in April, 1847. The school was not in a prosperous condition, its numbers had decreased, its prestige was declining from unknown causes. For a while it was uphill work for new teachers, and might have been disheartening but for Mrs. Wheaton's zeal and courage. She was always ready with words of cheer and of wise counsel, as well as with material help. I can see her alert figure coming across from her home to inquire if we "needed anything;" every want was foreseen and provided for, nothing escaped her vigilance, and though not very strong, her abounding vitality seemed equal to all demands. . . . You of to-day, basking in the sunshine of prosperity which has beamed on you for so many years, can scarcely realize the conditions of those far-off

days. But the ship did not founder — for Mrs. Wheaton was on the quarter-deck. Under her fostering care success was bound to come. The waning enterprise revived and grew apace. In 1849 a new building was erected on the old site, which gave an added impetus [to the school]. . . .

Yes, Mrs. Wheaton was a rare woman. Seldom have been found so many fine qualities united in one individual. Practical and sensible, yet with lofty ideals and aspirations and enthusiasms; with deep and fervent piety, a kind and generous heart; unity of purpose, and devotion to the interests of others, she was always beloved and honored.

The school, the beloved institution, was her *life*, and in the years to come, her name and memory will be an inspiration to all the [daughters] of Wheaton.

This letter shows how active Mrs. Wheaton's influence was in shaping the school even in the days when Judge Wheaton and his son were still living. Miss Cate married Rev. William Barrows, who was settled in Norton. She was succeeded by Miss Margaret Mann, who remained only one year, later becoming Mrs. Thomas Rice.

CHAPTER VI

THE DIARIES

For many years Mrs. Wheaton kept a diary. The diaries from 1850 to her death in 1905 were included among the private papers she left to her niece, Mrs. Smith, by will, and some of them have been available for this book. This minute record of her life for so many years, with scarcely a blank day, is in itself a monument to her careful, methodical character. Every page is crowded with entries, laconically expressed. While few of the entries are of much interest taken alone, all together give the reader a vivid picture of Mrs. Wheaton's life that could hardly have been painted in any other way. As it would be impossible, within the limits of this book, to give a sufficient number of extracts to bring out that picture clearly, it seems best here to make a short summary of the main features of these diaries.

It will be almost incredible to many of the alumnæ that Mrs. Wheaton's chief interest in life was not the Seminary. It became so in her later years, but in the fifties and sixties, though it was already very dear to her, and she gave gen-

erously of her time and thought to it, it was altogether secondary to her home life. There never was a woman whose heart was more truly devoted to her own home and her own family than Mrs. Wheaton, judging from her diaries. There is seldom a day when she is not doing something for her "dear husband," from mending his clothing with her own skilful hands, or acting as his barber, or making ready the ribbons for the fine cattle he was to exhibit at the cattle-shows of which he was an enthusiastic patron, to taking care of him in his innumerable attacks of sick headache, or setting off at a moment's warning for a few days in Boston, or for a long carriage drive, perhaps to Vermont in search of some new horse. Nor were her home cares for her husband alone. Her diaries are full of references to her "dear Matty," who made her home at the Wheatons for several years previous to her marriage, and who was equally an object of solicitude to Mrs. Wheaton when settled with her husband and children, subsequently, in Holmes Cottage.

In the early days of the diaries, the family of Mrs. Wheaton's beloved youngest brother, General Samuel Austin Chapin, were living close beside her, while her brother himself was making his way among the California pioneers, and hardly a day passes without a reference to her sister-in-law and

the dear children, Lizzie and Nettie and Ella. The anguish Mrs. Wheaton shows in her hasty entries describing the long illness and death of the little Ella eloquently testifies that she loved these children as if they had been her own. She was then far from well, but she shares all the mother's cares, even to the night-watches, and every day she finds some new way to alleviate the suffering.

Her diaries show that her interest in the sick was not by any means confined to her own relatives. In those days of untrained nurses she often goes to watch with some neighbor who is ill, and even sometimes notes that she has prepared a body for burial.

Her own brothers and sister seem to have been inexpressibly dear to her. The visiting among them is constant, her own house is always open to them, and no expression occurs more frequently in her diaries than this, such a one "came, to my *great joy.*"

She keeps an account of letters received and written, and their number is legion.

Her hospitality is unbounded. Her large house is always full, often of people who had little claim upon her.

Norton is a small village, but Mrs. Wheaton's list of callers is as formidable as that of any woman of society in a great metropolis. Day after day,

from morning till evening, they are shown by her record to have come to her by the dozen. And day after day, she chronicles a long list of calls made in return. And these were all real calls, no proxies by card being even dreamed of. It really seems as if she must have had a personal interest in every man, woman, and child in the township of Norton, for her acquaintances are not all found in the village, — she is constantly driving to the copper-works, to the Newcombs', and round Bowen Square in quest of one and another.

If other callers fail, a group of Seminary teachers happen in to spend the evening. All the names so dear to the alumnæ appear again and again, — Miss Cragin, Miss Larcom, Miss Blair, Miss Cole, Miss Carter, Miss Bourne, Miss Windsor, Miss Cutler, and oftenest of all, perhaps, Miss Mellus, of whom Mrs. Wheaton once notes, "Miss Mellus called, as she often kindly does."

"Dec. 17, 1852. Mrs. Metcalf in, and helped me wipe dishes"! One of her first entries in regard to Mrs. Metcalf is, "Mrs. Metcalf reminds me of Miss Lyon." (My own father, of whose family Miss Lyon was a member in her school days at Ashfield, remarked the same resemblance.) May 15, 1851, Mrs. Wheaton records: "Mrs. Metcalf's *mother* to dine."

The tea parties she gives to ten, twenty, thirty,

and sometimes as many as seventy of her neighbors, must have taxed her own strength as well as that of her staff of servants severely, for there is no hint of caterers in those early days. Mrs. Wheaton never hesitated to put her own efficient hand to any work to be done, and she understood all the mysteries of baking, churning, preserving, pickling, making sausage meat, etc., etc., as well as if she had had no other occupations in life. A neighbor dies on Thanksgiving Day, 1859. Mrs. Wheaton is there to help. Buys meat and makes cake for the funeral. April 28, 1860, she frosts fifteen loaves of cake for a May-Day tea party of two hundred people at the church.

When her servants deserted her — for even Mrs. Wheaton was not without her trials with servants, though her comments upon them are brief — she apparently at once took all their work upon her own shoulders, and her husband and visitors were still as well provided for as if all had gone smoothly in the kitchen.

There are few complaints of her servants in these diaries. Of one servant she mentions a "flare up," and adds, "O for a quiet, wise spirit," and the next day she notes a "talk" with the offender. Yet Mrs. Wheaton's spirit was not of the kind that is easily ruled. She could be very angry. If her whole nature had not been filled to overflowing

with love, her very integrity of character, her scorn of all shirking of duty, of insincerity, of weak yielding to temptation, would have made her a harsh woman. Mrs. Smith says: "Her anger was different from that of most people. Slight displeasure sometimes manifested itself in an accession of dignity and formality, but when at rare intervals, after a slow accumulation of wrath, she was really angry, the severity of her mien and the unapproachable dignity of her person, to which were added a few well chosen words of unmistakable portent, were simply overwhelming. It is but fair to say that it was generally *righteous* indignation, called forth only by a serious grievance, or what reasonably appeared to her as such. Her forbearance was much more remarkably in evidence, as well as her constant watchfulness and effort for the comfort and happiness of those around her."

Once, her diary reports, her cook gets "tipsy" and departs for Boston. A week later she returns penitent and Mrs. Wheaton forgives her, but two or three months hence is forced to dismiss her, on which occasion, the entry for the day concludes, "I *very* tired and unwell." Of one servant, whom she had to discharge, she remarks grimly, "Enjoy absence of S. after 5½ years." In general, her notes referring to her servants breathe the deepest interest in them. She employed a colored man and

his wife some time in the fifties, and reports them as satisfactory in the main, but grieves that they do not go to church. She seems to have persuaded them to mend their ways, for later she frequently mentions with satisfaction, "—— and —— went to church to-day." Again and again, on her visits to Boston, she records, "went to see Caty," — a former servant. Once she writes, "Have felt tried about the unfaithfulness of those in our employ." July 23, 1860, her day is full of hard work. Among other things she helps her man, Louis, to make butter. Louis is taken ill, and, tired as she is, she is up three times in the night to give him medicine. October 8, 1855, she mentions taking one of the maids to drive to gather chestnuts. She remembers not only her own servants but those at the Seminary, and in June invites a large party of them to eat strawberries.

One striking fact about the diaries is their record of the amount of solid hard work Mrs. Wheaton does herself, — the sweeping, the dusting, and even the washing of windows. Perhaps her personal labors account for the shining, sparkling neatness of the whole house. She is always "clearing out the attic," or putting a closet in order, or making up packages of one thing or another to send away. Mrs. Smith, speaking of the numberless details to which she gave her attention, says:

"For all this mastery of detail, there was also the larger grasp, the wider vision which could take in the whole, whether in household regulations or outside affairs of greater scope. A letter exists in which she gives a not unjust, but curious estimate of women, which we may hope is growing less true as time goes on. 'Ladies in general concentrate their energies on some one object of effort, and are persistent that it shall be prosecuted as they think best, where gentlemen usually have many objects for which to care, and have broader views. I may be mistaken in this opinion, and I know it does not apply to all ladies; I know of some beautiful exceptions.' She herself was certainly one of the exceptions."

The diaries record a vast amount of sewing, often including heavy mending. She is, of course, one of the first to avail herself of the newly-invented sewing machine. Then others must be benefited by it. "Stitching bosoms, collars, and wristbands for Lizzy, most of the day," is one of many eloquent little entries in this connection. She appears not only to have bought but to have made much of the boarding-house linen herself, leaving the marking of it, however, to Mrs. Holmes and Miss Windsor (which will recall to the alumnæ Miss Windsor's beautiful handwriting). She is generous even with the sewing machine itself. "Matty"

comes and uses it whenever she chooses. Once, Mrs. Wheaton sends it for "Matty" to use for four weeks in her own home.

It will be seen that the Seminary did not fill her whole mind, in spite of the linen, but her lively interest in it is attested by innumerable entries. No one can forget the expression of ardent interest in her face on examination days. Her diary records every examination day that ever occurred, sometimes with comments on the recitations or compositions. She is in constant consultation with Mrs. Metcalf in regard to the welfare of the school. She and Mrs. Metcalf work together to formulate that famous printed code of rules tacked up in every room when the "new" boarding-house of 1856 was built. She selects most of the furniture herself. It is she who sees to the cleaning of the boarding-houses in vacations, and to the trimming and sometimes the cutting of the trees on the lawn.

No wonder that her entries so often close with the words, "Very weary;" for in the fifties and sixties Mrs. Wheaton was not at all well. She was under a doctor's care. She had undergone a dangerous surgical operation in 1850. Her entries in regard to this tell a heroic story. Sunday, November 3, she reports going to church all day. "It was communion season, and I could but feel that it might be the last I should attend on earth. O for a fitness

to sit down in that kingdom above!" On Monday she packs grapes, goes to a church meeting, and attends to the trimming of her bonnet. On Tuesday, works again on the grapes, puts things to rights in the attic, and packs for New York, leaving home about 4 o'clock with her husband and "Matty" for Stonington, where they took the boat. On Wednesday, they rested in New York, and Mr. Wheaton had one of his sick headaches, but there is no word of her own feelings. On Thursday came the consultation with the specialist. The time for the operation was finally settled for November 30. After the consultation she did shopping, and later went to hear Jenny Lind. "I was not disappointed in her voice." Then they go home, and she resumes her usual labors, making no allusion to the trial before her. She even has a parlor and bedroom painted in the interval of waiting. She does sewing, attends the Seminary examinations, takes a very great interest in a revival at the Seminary, and goes to West Roxbury for a Thanksgiving reunion at her brother Judson's. "Thursday, Nov. 28. A rainy Thanksgiving, but very pleasant. Mary, Willard, and Netty came last evening. So we have quite a family gathering." That is the whole entry. Yet the next day she started for New York. "Saturday, Nov. 30. A pleasant day. — Saturday morning

at 8, arrived safely in Brooklyn and at eleven o'clock had a surgical operation performed by Dr. Powers, successfully, skilfully. Grateful that I am through with it safely."

Though the operation was successful, and she had no return of the special trouble that had made it necessary, yet she had many other troubles in the following years, especially one with her eyes, which made her fearful of blindness. For this she had electrical treatment in Boston for a long time. Indeed, for many years to come, she seems to have been seldom out of the hands of one famous doctor or another for various ills, though she always relied on Dr. Round, of Norton, and later, on his son, Dr. Arthur Round, for regular attendance on herself and all her family.

Her ill-health at this period of her life, together with many private sorrows and anxieties, seems to have made a real change in her manner. She appears to have become much more reserved and less demonstrative after this time.

We judge this to be so partly from the fact that the reports of the earlier Seminary pupils dwell so much more on Mrs. Wheaton's "pleasing" manners and sociable relations to the schoolgirls, and so much less on her dignity and reserve than those of the later students. While her manners were always pleasing, because of their sincerity

and kindness, and while, to the end of her life, her interest in all the girls as individuals never failed, yet, after fifty, her personal intercourse with the schoolgirls was apparently much less intimate than it had once been. One of the most distinguished of the graduates of the early sixties writes that she knew little about Mrs. Wheaton, except that Mrs. Metcalf often said, "How should you like to have Mrs. Wheaton know that you had done such or such a thing?" so that to her Mrs. Wheaton was a sort of bugbear, notwithstanding that she was invariably kind.

Another pupil of the early seventies, who entered the school at a very early age and continued in it seven years, says that in all that time she never had an interview with Mrs. Wheaton. Yet she felt her debt to Mrs. Wheaton, and on visiting Norton, later, she called upon her and was cordially received, Mrs. Wheaton showing interest in all that concerned her, and taking her to drive. She concludes: "Think how great an influence Mrs. Wheaton had on my life, and yet I never spoke to her while at Norton! The greatest influence in my life was Norton, yet I did not *realize* her part in it till long after my school days were over."

These are only a few of the examples that might be cited to show that the girls of later days knew much less of Mrs. Wheaton than the earlier pupils

did. There were exceptions, of course, to the rule, but probably the attitude of mind of most of the Seminary girls towards Mrs. Wheaton in her elder years would have been best translated by addressing her as "Your Most Serene Highness."

The entries in her diaries, too, now become still more laconic than at first. In the early numbers she is always speaking of "dear Sister Mary," "dear Matty," "my beloved bro. Adolphus," "precious bro' Judson," "dear bro' Austin," "my dear husband," etc., etc. Later, she often omits the adjective, though there is abundant evidence that her feelings were as warm as ever.

She always noted anniversaries of all kinds, and on her birthdays she often makes some special entry. September 27, 1857, she writes, "Birthday, 48. I would desire to live anew to my Saviour. Oh! how far along in life's journey! Almost done with earth." What would she have said if she could have known that she had then lived barely half her life, her death occurring only a few months before her 96th birthday?

Tired as she was during these days, she never let her fatigue interfere with her duties. A characteristic entry after one of her great tea parties reads, "I very tired . . . swept up and looked tidy as a weary body could." Perhaps we should say it would have been better for her if she had been

less conscientious and had not "swept up," but certainly she chose the pathway that led to long life, and, quite unconscious of all schemes of mental healing, she seems to have practised it. No doubt an unswept room would have so jarred her nerves as to have tired her more than the sweeping.

The Wheatons passed the winter of 1857–58 in Boston, Mr. Wheaton being then a member of the Governor's Council. Mrs. Wheaton writes to her sister, Mrs. Judson, under the date of February 1, 1858:—

"Tuesday P. M., 12 *ult.* when I was just beginning to put my shoulder to the work of getting ready to shut up house, the thought was born, 'Can I take hold and help push forward a social gathering and raise the $225.00' which Mr. Rogerson had just been telling us was due from our society and greatly needed, but [which he] supposed could not be raised till spring? While I was thinking it over, in came Mrs. West. I asked her if she supposed we could be *galvanized* into life again and take hold of the affair? Suffice it to say, it went forward. Notice by an address from a committee of ladies was read on the next Sabbath, and the People invited to attend the gathering the next Wednesday evening at Seminary Hall. A beautiful evening it was and a beautiful entertainment. In one room we had all the choice paintings and en-

gravings in the neighborhood. They were more than enough to cover the walls and such as I should not hesitate to ask city friends to see. In this room, too, was my drawing of the Victoria Regia, adjusted on easels and explained by a lady — admission 5 cts. Another room, partially filled with pines and other evergreens forming a bower, and glittering with stars made of gold paper, was called Sibyl's Cave. Here sat a beautiful young lady looking as queenly as Zenobia herself. She said nothing but handed to those who entered and approached her a note with some pleasing or amusing sentence — admission 5 or 6 cents. Our entrance fee was 25 cts. Oysters, prepared in various ways, together with ice cream, tea, coffee, cake, etc., made a fine treat for the appetite. Our greenhouse was stripped of flowers (which are not numerous at this season of the year) and made up in tiny bouquets, some of which were carried round to sell by little Susie, a beautiful little niece of Mrs. Metcalf's. But most of them were sold at auction — a seminarist acting as auctioneer. There was a good deal of spirited and playful bidding. The flowers sold for $6.00.

"God seemed to bless us in everything. We felt we were doing his work, and committed our way to him. The net proceeds of the gathering were $126.17, and the balance was made out by sub-

scription, so that the Friday evening following, a receipt was in our hands for $225.00, which we had paid into the Treasury.

"I suppose there never was a time to appeal to our people when so little money was in their possession,[1] and yet the effort was crowned with success, and more than all the money, such loving hearts seemed to be awakened!!"

Mrs. Wheaton was deeply interested in all public affairs, and her diaries are full of allusions to them. The visit of Kossuth to this country in 1852, the jubilee in Boston on September 18 of that same year, on the completion of the first railway to Canada, — a jubilee in which the Wheatons took part, being on their way home from one of their many delightful carriage trips to the White Mountains, — the taking of Sevastopol in 1855, Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition, the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States in 1860, the death of Prince Albert in 1861, and scores of similar events figure in these little books. Her heart was greatly moved by the slavery question. A well-written letter, from Henry Box Brown, dated 1849, was preserved by her, thanking her for a generous gift, aiding him to buy his wife and children, still in slavery. Follow-

[1] It will be remembered that in the winter of 1857–58, a wave of "hard times" passed over the whole country, producing almost a panic.

ing his signature she has written in pencil, "Who was delivered from slavery by being packed in a box and sent off as merchandise."

In 1854, Mrs. Wheaton's diary notes "Nebraska Bill defeated in the House." In 1855 lectures on Slavery begin to multiply. "March 28, 1856. Lecture on Kansas. Oh, that God would spare Kansas from the curse of slavery!" "June 25, Kansas Meeting at Seminary." July 24, she goes with Mr. Wheaton to Boston, to the American Convention, to which he was a delegate. August 5, Mr. Wheaton goes to Fremont Club in Norton.

From the entry of January 4, 1861, "National Fast on account of the South Seceding," to that of April 10, 1865, when she reports Lee's surrender, the allusions to public events are strewn thickly over the pages. "Feb. 23, 1861. A. Lincoln reached Washington this morning." "Ap. 13. Tidings that war had commenced at Fort Sumter." "Ap. 16. War news very exciting. Soldiers leaving for Washington."

Norton feels the effects of the war. "Ap. 27. Army shirts for the Seminary." Many of the alumnæ will remember how the hundred girls made a hundred shirts *by hand*, in one day, at a time when government had not yet organized means for fitting out the improvised army. "Ap. 23. Young ladies very zealous to do the work."

"Ap. 25. Mr. Wheaton goes to Taunton to Mass Meeting for the army." "Ap. 26. Flag raised." "May 18. Rode to Attleboro and saw soldiers drilling." "June 9. Sermon very patriotic." "June 17. Sewing flag." The alumnæ will remember the flag they made themselves by sewing strips of bunting together, and the stirring song Miss Larcom wrote for the occasion. "July 2. Home Circle sewed on Army Shirts." "July 3. Went to Camp." "July 6. Called at boarding-house and Mrs. Lothrop's about Havelocks." "July 11. Drove to camp of 7th regiment. They break camp and go to Washington to-morrow." "July 19. News of great battle at Bull's Head" (sic). "Oct. 31. Very stormy. What will become of our fleet that sailed on Tuesday?" "Nov. 26. Batting for soldiers' quilts."

There are many indications of her personal work for the soldiers, but those given may suffice. Moreover, she suffered personal losses in the war. Her entry after the battle of Gettysburg reports two relatives wounded and one killed. One of the wounded, Edward Chapin, the son of her brother Nicholas, died from his wounds a few weeks later. He was one of that splendid band of young Harvard men, of high rank as scholars, who gave up a college course and entered the army. He volunteered as a private, but had become a

sergeant in the short time that intervened between his enlistment and death.

She records the emancipation of the slaves, and later one of the entries reads: "Packed garments for *freed people*." She is happy over the close of the war, and then mourns the death of Lincoln, helping in the arrangement for the memorial funeral services in his honor at Norton.

Every reader of the diaries must be struck by Mrs. Wheaton's love of religious services. In the earlier years she seems always to have been present at three services on Sundays, and also in her Sunday-school class. That she did not lightly miss a service will be seen by such an entry as that of June 17, 1854, when, after being up half the night with "intense pain," she goes to two services and Sunday-school, though she adds "not to eve. meeting." Naturally she reports being "up again" the following night, and though she then consulted a doctor, it is not till August 12 that she writes: "Oh, how grateful for freedom from pain!"

No preacher could have had a more attentive and appreciative listener. She records every text in her diary, in full in the early years, and later by quoting chapter and verse. She often adds some comment. She *never* criticises the minister, — her veneration for ministers seems to have been unbounded, — but she often speaks of the help and

comfort she has received from the sermon. "If *I* were in right state of mind, what blessing from such preaching!" she writes. She takes a deep interest in her Sunday-school class, but often laments that she is not a very good teacher, especially when she has only a few scholars, while other classes are full. Once she writes, "Met S. S. Class. What a privilege! But oh, how stupid." It is her own stupidity she refers to. Her delight at receiving from her class at Christmas, 1866, "a *beautiful* vase in wax," sets us thinking rather sadly that Mrs. Wheaton, who gave so much, received very few presents herself.

Her attendance on religious services was not confined to those on Sunday. She held a weekly female prayer meeting at her own house for a long series of years, and she was a frequent and interested listener to the Friday evening speakers at the Seminary. She never seems to have looked upon attendance at these many services as a duty, but to have regarded it as her highest pleasure. When she spends a winter in Boston she seems to have felt it her greatest privilege to attend religious meetings day after day and evening after evening. She never makes travelling an excuse for not going to church. In all the various journeys she and Mr. Wheaton take together, they always rest on Sunday, and go faithfully to church wherever they may be.

If detained at home, either by her own illness or that of others of the family, she records her deep enjoyment in reading her Bible or some religious book, though once she writes: "Read my Bible. How much I lose by not reading it more!" Yet she probably read it diligently, for it is not unusual for her to mention rising early for private devotional exercises. The entry for November 12, 1859, is characteristic: "Rose at 4, and after spending an hour in my room, went to Saturday morning duties." Her life was not spent in "visions" but in "duties." Her active duties were many, but she was never satisfied unless her inward spirit was the true one in performing them. September 14, 1859, she writes: "I dropped a word or two that cast a shadow. I am sorry." "Oh, for meekness and wisdom!" she cries out in some domestic trial. Indeed, her constant appeal for divine help is very touching all through the diaries. Moreover, she *never forgets to give thanks* for the mercies received.

Though her very life seems to be in her complete dependence upon God, yet her creed — in the earlier days at least — was an iron one, and the fear of God often seems to overshadow his love.

Such reserve and dignity as Mrs. Wheaton's is very often accompanied by pride of character. But Mrs. Wheaton was singularly humble. In her diaries there is not one entry that would indicate

that she ever thought of herself more highly than she ought to think. Indeed, what is most marked in them is that she does not seem to think of herself at all, except as she occasionally makes some exclamation showing how far she felt herself to fall short of her own standards. "My class, but oh, how little I do!" "O this anxious heart! when will it rest?" October 16, 1853, she writes: "Oh! for a heart to be wholly the Lord's!" Those who remember her last illness fifty-two years later, will realize that this had been her constant prayer through all these years.

There is no gossip in the diaries and no fault-finding. If it is necessary for her to note any injury done to herself, it is in the fewest of words. That she always forgave those who were sorry for having done wrong is everywhere evident. There is no doubt that she forgave fully many very great injuries. Indeed, no one could read these diaries without being impressed with the feeling that here was a woman whose life did not centre in herself, but who was constantly striving to be "wholly the Lord's."

CHAPTER VII

A SUMMER IN EUROPE

In the hope of restoring Mr. Wheaton's failing health the Wheatons spent the summer of 1862 abroad, sailing from Boston on the Niagara, April 16. They were accompanied by their friend, Major David E. Holman, who had business in placing a patent in Europe. The passage was very rough, and Mrs. Wheaton was not only seasick, but timid. At last she struggled on deck. She writes in her journal: "I could find none who sympathized with me in apprehending danger to the ship. The English have a confidence in one of Cunard's steamers that seems to set aside the superintending providence of God." Nevertheless, she records a "feeling of quiet trust" during the voyage, which is characteristic of her. Naturally timid, she had so firm a reliance herself on "the providence of God" that in the most trying circumstances all through her life, she always appeared calm and courageous.

Of the voyage, she says: "I can never tell the sweet, grateful emotions that filled my heart as day after day *kind acts* and kind words met me.

Friendship never seemed so precious. If God had not strengthened and essentially aided me through friends, I know not what I could have done in leaving things safe at home."

Her first impression of Liverpool leads her to the conclusion that enough wines, brandies, etc., are sold there "to furnish the world with means of destruction."

"At evening," she says, "a servant comes in, draws the curtains around the bed, so you may be thoroughly poisoned by your own breathing. Of course I undid what they did."

The party went almost immediately to London, where they spent about half of the time of their absence from home. There they soon settled themselves in a quiet street in a good quarter, taking a suite of rooms in a family lodging-house and having their meals sent in to their own parlor, giving them a very home-like feeling. The rooms were opposite some botanic gardens, and Mrs. Wheaton was delighted with the trees in bloom and the singing of the birds. She was also interested in the equipages of the nobility constantly passing her windows, and wrote to her "dear Matty" that she wished the little Holmes boys were beside her to see the powdered footmen and coachmen in their fine liveries, and the richly-dressed ladies in the carriages.

In London, she met many old friends, among whom she saw frequently Mrs. Fowler (Lydia Folger), an early pupil and teacher in the Seminary, who knew London thoroughly, and proved an excellent guide. Mrs. Fowler had a lively disposition, and made one of the Wheaton party on the "Darby Day," of which neither she nor Mrs. Wheaton could ever afterwards speak without laughing. But for all that, and though the Wheatons naturally gravitated towards any place where fine horses were to be seen (witness their great interest in the horse-taming exhibitions of Rarey and others), yet Mrs. Wheaton's diary testifies that she did not escape some qualms of conscience over the experience.

In London, the Wheatons looked about them in a leisurely way, seeing all the great sights that everybody sees. It is characteristic that the first time Mrs. Wheaton walked out, she visited the National Gallery, and that her first Sunday was spent in listening to Spurgeon. She was thrilled by the singing of the 6000 members of Spurgeon's congregation. The choral service at St. Paul's also affected her deeply. "The sound, as it reverberated from the high arches, seemed as I have imagined the heavenly strains might, to a soul just released from its clay tenement." She describes the many layers of coffins that inclose the dust of Wellington,

and copies the dozen and more titles on the inscription plate, adding, "and a most extroardinary inscription for mortal man it is!"

At Westminster Abbey she says she "could never tell" the effect on her mind. After giving a long description of it, she says, "The *touch* of *time* on the edifice enters your soul." But she was not left to her own emotions. "After looking at these famous chairs" (the coronation chairs), she writes: "The party with the verger passed to the other side of the shrine, when, all of a sudden, the verger turned back, and exclaimed, 'I should n't have thought you would have done that the moment my eye was off from you.' *I* looked back, and lo!!! there was *my Husband* just hooking up the railing that enclosed the coronation chair. He had been and taken a seat in it, tho. I imagine it was a *short sitting*. When we told our guide outside the Abbey, he exclaimed almost with horror that he did n't suppose one in 10,000 did it."

At the Tower, and even at Hampton Court which delighted her, the associations with Henry VIII brought home to her almost too vividly his enormities. Even with the glories of the crown jewels before her eyes, she says she cares much more for the paintings and statuary than for the jewels.

At Whitefield's Chapel, she recalls that White-

field's remains rest at Newburyport, Mass. She says, "I saw them many years ago and took the skull in my hands — a liberty that should never be allowed with the sainted dead."

Passing Smithfield, and remembering John Rogers and his nine small children, she writes in a letter home, "Oh, how often has my childish heart swelled as I looked at the picture in my little primer."

Windsor Castle was a great disappointment to her, because it looked like a fortress to keep out foes rather than a palace to live in. The guard of 1900 soldiers; the doors unlocked by their guide and locked after they had passed through; the points from which there were beautiful views, but which seemed "fitted for reconnoitring an enemy," — by all these things "a peace-loving spirit is pained. My very breathing seemed oppressed." She thought, however, that the monument to the Princess Charlotte was the most beautiful she had ever seen. The visit concluded with a survey of the Royal stables. With all her love of horses, Mrs. Wheaton was much disturbed by the extravagance she saw here, and concludes: "I felt disgusted with Royalty, and steamed back to London by the first train, — to my pleasant little parlor, — pitying poor Victoria and her many penniless subjects." That Mrs. Wheaton thought often about

the "penniless subjects" is shown by her visits to the Ragged Schools and the Foundling.

A characteristic incident of the London visit was Mrs. Wheaton's going to the salesrooms of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines to get some stitching done. Her work was refused on the ground that everybody was too busy to undertake it. On this, Mrs. Wheaton inquired whether there would be any objection to her using one of the machines herself. None being made, she seated herself calmly and accomplished her purpose.

All through her journey, America was much in her thoughts. She was distressed that the English showed so little sympathy in our war. At the International Exhibition she was troubled at the "small and dusty" exhibit from the United States. At the government arsenal at Woolwich, however, she learned a fact that showed England was not altogether independent of America. She records: "When the news of the battle between the Merrimac and Monitor reached here, they dismissed 4000 men who were at work on war vessels that they now deem useless, and are discussing the best plans for ironclad vessels."

All her party were interested in spending a day at L(?)uton, where 20,000 people were engaged in making straw braid, and in comparing the work

with that of Mr. Wheaton's own straw shop in Norton.

She writes that she had "depended" on being with her "countrymen" in London at their festival at the Crystal Palace, on the Fourth of July; but an invitation from friends she had known in America, Mr. and Mrs. Muntz, to visit their beautiful home at Southampton caused her to give up her plan. Before returning to London, the party visited the mother of Mrs. Muntz in the Isle of Wight, where Mrs. Wheaton was as much interested in the localities connected with "The Dairyman's Daughter" and "Little Jane," as with the Queen's Palace at Osborne. On their way back to London they saw Salisbury Plain, from whose shepherd, it may be, Mrs. Wheaton had learned the lesson of never complaining of the weather. They also saw Mr. Müller's school of 1100 children, entirely supported by answers to prayer. They visited Bristol, and saw the "most beautiful stained glass windows in England in St. Mary Redcliff Church," in whose tower Chatterton found his manuscripts. Speaking of the cathedral of Bristol, Mrs. Wheaton writes to her sister Mary: "I expressed the wish while there to call to us the graduates of W. F. Seminary and stand with them by the remains of Bishop Butler, and those of Whateley, both of whom rest here."

A little *détour* led the party to the Wye, and to Tintern Abbey, which, as might be expected, touched Mrs. Wheaton deeply. She says: "If I ever felt like invoking the Muses, it was at this spot."

A few days among the fine scenery in the south of Wales, and then the Wheatons returned to London, July 10, and made their arrangements for a short continental trip. On July 18, they left London for Paris via Folkstone and Boulogne. In Paris they spent ten days. Mrs. Wheaton, as usual, enjoyed the picture galleries, visiting the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and Versailles (where the Grand Trianon is to her the "most charming spot"). She was delighted with the Bois de Boulogne, with the Gobelin tapestries, and with the grounds and forest at Fontainebleau.

Among Mrs. Wheaton's treasures were several letters of introduction from the long-time friend of the Wheatons', Rev. Mr. Hovey, written to ministers of American chapels in various places. In that to Dr. McClintock, of the chapel at Paris, the writer says, "the chapel which they [the Wheatons] have helped to build."

From Paris they proceeded by way of Dijon, Macon, and Lyons to Geneva, where they not only saw the usual sights, but sat in the pulpit chair of John Calvin, in which John Knox had also sat,

without any remonstrance from a horrified verger. Mrs. Wheaton's love for fine scenery was deeply gratified by her little Swiss journey, and her pocket diary is full of exclamations over its magnificence. They went by boat to Vevay, then by diligence to Berne, to Basle. Leaving Switzerland, they passed through Strasburg, Baden, Heidelberg, and Frankfort, and then down the Rhine to Cologne, "a day of great interest," and via Brussels back to London.

They had still one pleasant duty remaining before they sailed for home. Before leaving Norton, the citizens of the village had held a public meeting, Mr. Annes A. Lincoln, Jr., Moderator, in which an address had been prepared to be presented by Mr. Wheaton to the town of Chipping-Norton in England, whence the early settlers of the American Norton had set forth. The address was accompanied by a copy of the history of the town, and a map of the township.

Accordingly, on their way to Liverpool, the Wheatons stopped at Chipping-Norton, and Mr. Wheaton delivered all the gifts into the hands of the Mayor, who later returned an address of thanks, and with it, on behalf of his townsmen, sent a lithographic view of the town of Norton, England, to the town in the United States, though apparently the lithograph was never received. The Wheatons took passage on the Great Eastern, sailing August

16. The passage home was easier than that out, but that Mrs. Wheaton had not quite conquered her timidity appears from an entry in connection with some sports of the sailors on deck. "I feared the ship might suffer from neglect of duty, as so many of the hands were engaged."

They landed in New York August 27, and reached home in the evening of August 29, where they received an enthusiastic welcome from the servants, who had everything in good order for them; from the "dear Matty," who had superintended all affairs in their absence, even to sending flowers from the garden constantly to the friends Mrs. Wheaton had been in the habit of remembering, and devoting their currants to making currant shrub for the sick soldiers; and from Mr. and Mrs. Beane ;[1] doubtless, too, from the "Jerry" (whether dog or horse, we do not know) to whom, in one of her letters, Mrs. Wheaton sends a "loving pat on the head."

On the Sunday after the return home, Mrs. Wheaton notes staying after the church service "to see the presentation of gifts to Edwin Barrows and five others going to war," Mr. Barrows being the member of the present board of Seminary trustees who has now been longest in office. Thus

[1] Mr. Beane, who had married Miss Knight, was at that time pastor of the Trinitarian Congregational Church.

the Wheatons were again brought face to face with the war. On September 17, Mrs. Wheaton describes a Soldiers' Tea Party, with the volunteers at the supper table, and her great astonishment when her neighbor, Rev. Mr. Lothrop, presented a "delightful photograph album" to *herself and Mr. Wheaton.*

Inspired, perhaps, by her experience in Paris, she, with Mrs. Holmes, joined a French class at the Seminary under Professor Du Bois, whom many of the alumnæ will remember as an entertaining Frenchman who had invented what he believed to be a short cut to French conversation, based on the thorough mastery of the verbs. Mrs. Wheaton was now 53 years old, but she bought a French Testament and went to work with enthusiasm, forgetting, however, none of her regular duties, — or irregular ones either, for her diary often notes, "Sewing for the soldiers," etc. And yet on the last night of 1862 she writes in her diary: "Oh, that this year bore a better account of my stewardship. 'Slothful servant' may well be written against my record." Then she adds, "To-morrow we hope 3 or 4 millions of slaves will be set at liberty by the President, A. Lincoln. Proclamation as a 'military necessity.'"

CHAPTER VIII

WIDOWHOOD

"Every tree and shrub dressed in New Year's Bridal of pure snow. The Neck Woods was surpassingly beautiful. I rode with Husband through it." This is the entry in Mrs. Wheaton's diary for January 2, 1865. The sleigh-ride through Neck Woods was the last of the many beautiful drives the Wheatons took together.

On January 7 Mr. Wheaton was taken dangerously ill. There were no trained nurses in those days, but all the neighbors the Wheatons had helped so often in times of trouble gathered around them now, and among the watchers by the sick bed we read the names of Mr. Wild, Mr. Edwin Barrows, Mrs. Metcalf, Mr. Cobb, Mr. Annes Lincoln, "Sister Mary," Mr. Rogerson, and Mrs. Beane. "Dear Matty" came from her distant home on January 15, and Mr. Wheaton exclaimed: "Thank God for this, thank you for this!" On the 16th he was delirious and called for his wife in heart-rending tones. On the 17th Mrs. Wheaton writes: "At 5 called the family. At 5½ he called for singing, and said, 'I am grounded in Christ.' The singing

soothed him and he fell asleep. He never woke, but died gently."

Mrs. Wheaton kept the letters of sympathy received at this time all her life. It is striking to see how many of the writers speak of Mr. Wheaton as having given them personal help in one way or another. From the tributes to him, Mrs. Smith's paper quotes "a very few." "Sister Mary" grieves for "a beloved and respected brother-in-law," and writes: "The grave has closed over your dearest earthly friend; may all your loss be made up to you in a sweet union with Christ." Mrs. Cowles writes: "I want once more to look on the precious face which has always looked so kindly on me. The great black space between is bridged over by thoughts of his sent over to you, as well as by thoughts of yours which go every minute to him. Everything everywhere will be so blended with his memory as to be doubly dear. Where can you go in your house or out of it, where his image, his plans, his work, his smile, will not meet and greet you? I feel sure that your life will be more than ever given to blessing the world, that interest in the neighbor will be your medicine." Mrs. Holmes writes: "That sweet face, so calm and peaceful, with that body so chastely arrayed for the last time, appears to me many, many times in the day; and I feel the last kind words to me have

been spoken, the last generous act has been done, and the many sympathizing emotions that found expression in many ways to the afflicted will nevermore be felt; but I love to think of him in heaven, among the rescued from this world's trials and temptations, — forever at rest, — occupying that 'humble place' in the kingdom for which he often petitioned in prayer."

Mrs. Smith also quotes from the diaries: "Heart's mourning for the dear one. His face is sweet in death." "The dear *face and form* are forever buried from my sight. I cannot realize that I shall never see him more." Sunday in church: "The beginning of going without the one on whom I have leaned for thirty-five years." "My heart is waking up more and more to the reality that my precious Husband has gone." Under great pressure of business cares: "This has been a very *trying day.* Ah! that dear one foresaw it." "Sabbath eve is the most trying of all the week." "Very sad heart. My dear Husband's absence seems more real than ever before. I removed his things from the bureau for Jennie to occupy. She came at eve." "Jennie and I set out for Uxbridge. For thirty-six years my dear husband and I had spent our Thanksgiving together. Now he is bound in the embrace of death and I go without him." Mrs. Smith says: "The anniversaries of her marriage were always kept

with almost religious regard. June 25, 1870, she writes: 'This has been the forty-first anniversary of my marriage. I still hold them sacred.'"

A gentleman who knew the Wheatons well has summed up in a few forcible words the story of Mrs. Wheaton's relation to her husband. Having spoken of her "quiet devotion" to him, he continues, "While always exceedingly deferential in her attitude towards him, she very tactfully advised and at times restrained what would have been hasty and injudicious action on his part. . . . In Mrs. Wheaton were combined in an unusual degree rare judgment and rare diplomacy."

By Mr. Wheaton's will, Mrs. Wheaton was given the use of the bulk of his property during her life; but the most valuable part of it, an estate on Winter Street, in Boston, was to go to the Seminary after her death. This estate had been bought by Judge Wheaton many years before, when Winter Street was still a residence section of the city, as a home for his daughter, Mrs. Strong, but the title had never passed out of the Wheaton family (Dr. Strong did not long survive his wife). That part of the city had now been given up entirely to business, and the property had increased very largely in value.

Whether Mrs. Wheaton suggested this clause in the will, we do not know, though it is not un-

likely; but that she cordially approved of it is shown by her action many years later. In 1890,— perhaps because of the increase in the value of the estate,— by Mrs. Wheaton's initiative, an act of the legislature was passed enabling the Seminary to hold real estate to the amount of $500,000 more than had been previously allowed. Soon after the passage of the act, however, a new question arose suggested by a parallel case in connection with Cornell University. Cornell had been founded by special charter, which gave it a limited right to hold real estate. A Mr. Fiske made a large bequest to it, much exceeding this limited amount. *After his death* the New York legislature passed an act to enable the University to hold real estate to the required amount and more. But the New York court decided that the act was not effective; that the bequest was void, so that the residuary legatees took the estate immediately upon the death of the testator.

In the recent decision (1907) of the Salisbury will case in this State, the Massachusetts court took a different view of the matter; but in 1890 no similar case had been tried in Massachusetts, and it was evident that if the court in this State should agree with that of New York, the property that Mr. Wheaton had willed to the Seminary would belong to Mrs. Wheaton as his residuary legatee.

Therefore, if it had been her wish to control that property, she had good reason to suppose that she could do so. Now that the enabling act had been passed, however, it was within her power to make Mr. Wheaton's will effective by naming the Seminary in her own will as residuary legatee. This was done. It might have been done in any case, even if Mrs. Wheaton had not personally wished to benefit the Seminary, for there is no doubt she would have conscientiously carried out what she knew to be her husband's intention without taking advantage of any legal technicality. Nevertheless, the fact remains that it was Mrs. Wheaton's own deliberate decision that the Seminary should receive this large addition to its funds! It was she who actually made effective the large gift of her husband during the years before the Salisbury will had been tested.[1] In view of this, it is no exaggeration to say that Wheaton Seminary, from first to last, has owed its very life to Mrs. Wheaton. Mr. Wheaton died January 17, 1865. How soon after her husband's death Mrs. Wheaton took up firmly the new duties that fell to her share, and how unselfishly she fulfilled them, will be seen by the following letter, bearing date July 12, 1865: —

[1] Shortly before the close of Mrs. Wheaton's life, another enabling act was passed by which the Seminary may now hold more than a million dollars' worth of property.

To the Trustees of Wheaton Female Seminary:

Gentlemen, — Among the papers of my lamented husband I find a note of hand given by the Treasurer of your Board, the balance of which now due is Thirty-five hundred dollars.

This claim I cheerfully relinquish and inclose the note, with assurances of unabated interest and tender regard for the Institution that stands out the Representative of the departed Founder and Patron.

Its prosperity will ever be the solace of my life.

I thank you for expressions of sympathy, and the request that I continue to feel the same liberty as formerly to make suggestions relative to the interests of the school.

With sentiments of high regard, I remain very respectfully, Your friend,

E. B. Wheaton.

At the time this letter was written Mrs. Wheaton was so pressed for money that it is known that she sold some of her jewels to avoid disposing of certain pieces of the property at a sacrifice.

Under date of July 11, 1866, we find some resolutions of the trustees, thanking Mrs. Wheaton for a gift of the portrait of her husband, to which is added in pencil, "This gift is all the more acceptable as the Donor has so courteously and kindly

accomplished a purpose of the Trustees in reference to a portrait for the Institution."

From this time to the end of her life Mrs. Wheaton's gifts to the Seminary flowed in a constant stream.

The death of Mr. Wheaton wrought a great change in Mrs. Wheaton's life, though, as she continued to live quietly in the old home, this was not evident to most of her acquaintances. Until this time her chief work had been the management of her household. Of this work her niece, Mrs. Frank A. Hewins (Anna G. Chapin), writes: "My aunt was an almost perfect housekeeper. As a child I can remember how everything from the carriage house to the attic was always in order; in every closet and every drawer nothing seemed to be out of place, and yet one did not feel that nothing could be touched for fear of displacing it. It was natural for her to be very methodical."

Of course, such perfect management of a large, hospitable home was enough to tax the energies of the housekeeper to the utmost, even if she had had no outside interests, such as those connected with the Seminary, the church, and the social life of the village. So that after her husband's death, when the cares of business and of the farm devolved upon her, it became necessary for her to transfer a part, at least, of the oversight of the house-

hold to others. This was the more needful because the Civil War had caused changes in the business world such that the Wheaton property was in jeopardy, and it was only by the greatest vigilance, extending over some years, that it was possible to weather the financial storm. She was so fortunate as to have the help of her brothers in her business affairs, particularly the very efficient help of her brother Adolphus. Her letters to him show that she consulted him at every step.

In April she had the great happiness of again welcoming her brother Austin to Massachusetts after his eleven years' absence in California. The few months he passed at the East before returning to his family on the Pacific shore seem to have been a deep comfort to her in her sorrow.

Meantime, her household cares were lightened by several friends. Miss Charlotte Sawyer, a dearly loved sister of Mrs. Holmes, always a familiar visitor at the Wheatons', now remained in the household for almost a year. One of the loveliest of Mrs. Wheaton's many lovely nieces, Miss Jennie Chapin (afterwards Mrs. Pearce), of West Roxbury, came to Norton to be her aunt's companion, and for several years, indeed almost to the time of her marriage, she added grace and brightness to the saddened home. Mrs. Wheaton gathered other young people about her. Miss

Mary Anna Fox, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Wheaton's sister, Mrs. Judson, made one of the family much of the time, being a student at the Seminary. Mary, her youngest niece, the little daughter of her brother Adolphus, Mrs. Wheaton appears to have kept with her all the time that the parents could be persuaded to spare the child. A few years later both Mary and her cousin Anna, from West Roxbury, became pupils at the Seminary, and a large part of their time was spent with their aunt.

Mrs. Wheaton's loving heart went out to all the young people, but she needed more experienced help in the management of her domestic affairs. The friend to whom she now turned, and who became her companion, was Mrs. Samuel Beane, once Miss Eliza R. Knight. The friendship between Mrs. Wheaton and Mrs. Beane was already of long standing, for Mrs. Beane was the early principal of Wheaton who had arranged the first regular course of study, and had designed its appropriate seal — a fountain, with the motto: "Who drinks will thirst for more." Miss Knight became principal before she was twenty-five years old, but she had much dignity and executive ability, together with enthusiasm and culture, and was a powerful help to Mrs. Wheaton in the object nearest to Mrs. Wheaton's heart. But like most of

the early principals, she had soon resigned her position to become the wife of a minister, her wedding taking place at the Wheaton mansion.

Though Mrs. Wheaton and Mrs. Beane were separated from 1841 to 1860, their warm friendship continued, and in 1860 their intimacy was renewed, for Mr. Beane then became pastor of the church of which the Wheatons were members. Mrs. Beane's two daughters now entered the Seminary, and once more their mother became personally interested in it. Then, too, she began to be deeply interested in the town, as she continued to be all her life. In both these directions she and Mrs. Wheaton were constantly working together, and their friendship became more and more firmly cemented. In 1865, a new bond united them, for both became widows in the same year. October 23, Mrs. Wheaton's diary records of Mrs. Beane: "Her home is over in Norton. She has gone to Worcester. My heart is sad."

Mrs. Beane was left with very small means. For a time she lived in Worcester, making a charming home for her eldest daughter, then a teacher in the High School there, and receiving into the family a fellow teacher of her daughter. In this home Mrs. Beane did almost all the housework herself cheerfully, and thoroughly, until she fell downstairs, breaking both arms. Then the home

had to be given up. She recovered slowly, but she could never hope to do manual labor again.

It was then that Mrs. Wheaton invited her to Norton as her own companion, and very soon many of the housekeeping cares were transferred to her capable and intelligent management. Mrs. Beane's ideas of neatness and order and thrift were entirely in harmony with those of Mrs. Wheaton, and she had had experience in managing both a large and a small family. Mrs. Wheaton could leave all details to her with the certainty that nothing would be neglected. She needed such a helper, for outside interests claimed more and more of her attention.

Mrs. Beane had no special aptitude for business, — the bent of her mind was towards literature rather, — but Mrs. Wheaton, at this period of her life, was not a woman who could have left her business to the care of another, in any case. She felt too great a responsibility for the right use of all her possessions. Mrs. Hewins writes: "As a business woman she was very clear headed. If a tract of land was to be ploughed, she knew how much grass seed was necessary to sow it with. She knew how much grass should be cut from certain lots. When a house was to be shingled, she would sit down at her desk and calculate how many shingles it would be necessary to order."

It was often said of her by business men that her judgment in regard to investments was seldom at fault. But she had other responsibilities besides her farm and her investments. These brought her money, but it was equally important to her that the money should be well spent. It may be doubted whether she ever spent even a dollar without asking herself whether she was spending it in the wisest possible way.

Miss Mary B. Briggs, for many years a Seminary teacher, writes: "First and foremost, the school was to be kept up . . . for was not that the answer to her own prayer and her own timid suggestion? (She must have been a marvellously wise young woman to have carried that point in her early married life.) Then came the church . . . and finally the town, with its varied interests. She reminds me of some of those queens who, forgetting their fatherland, are wholly devoted to the land of their adoption."

Probably Mrs. Wheaton could not have found in the whole world another companion so deeply interested in all three of these main objects of her life as Mrs. Beane. In youth, Mrs. Beane had been principal of the school almost at its foundation. Later, both her daughters had been graduated there, and at different times afterwards they were both among its teachers. In the church of

Norton, too, Mrs. Beane had a warm personal interest, not only from her early connection with it, but because she had entered so heartily into her husband's efforts to make it a power in the community during his pastorate. In the town itself she had become much interested while in the position of a minister's wife, for she was a large-natured, warm-hearted woman.

This companionship lasted for more than thirty years, until Mrs. Beane died in 1899 at the age of 85. Such an intimate, lifelong friendship would be impossible to many women, especially to women differing so much in temperament as Mrs. Wheaton and Mrs. Beane. But the great aims of life were the same for both, and both had that strong sense of duty that unhesitatingly subordinates small matters to large ones. Of course there must have been friction, as there always is in any intimate relation, yet they were both high-minded women, and they bore the test. Moreover, they were both working for certain definite and noble ends outside of themselves, and that is an important factor in any enduring friendship.

Though it is true that, in one sense, Mrs. Wheaton was little influenced by others, for if a course of action did not commend itself to her judgment she would not adopt it because it seemed good to some dear friend, nevertheless,

she had none of that obstinate pride that leads one to insist on planning everything without advice from others. She was not seeking to glorify herself in her charities, but to do all the good in her power. And Mrs. Beane was able to make many excellent suggestions. She had had a somewhat wide experience of life, and she also had good judgment. She knew some needs of the town of Norton even better than Mrs. Wheaton herself. The very fact that Mrs. Wheaton was rich prevented many people from speaking to her of their circumstances as plainly as they could do to Mrs. Beane, who was merely a friendly neighbor, who had to count her own pennies as carefully as they did themselves. Mrs. Beane was also a less reserved person than Mrs. Wheaton. Her social instincts were strong, and while both her dignity and her refinement saved her from encouraging gossip, she had a very natural manner that put others at their ease in talking with her. As a result of these conditions, Mrs. Beane often knew of some real need in the town that would not have come to Mrs. Wheaton's knowledge without her. She was a generous woman, and would have been glad to give help herself. This she could not do, and she fully realized that it was not for her to decide how Mrs. Wheaton should spend her money. It was, however, often in her power to lay the case

before Mrs. Wheaton, and this she would do simply and with delicacy. That was all that it was necessary to do. If Mrs. Wheaton saw that her help was needed, she did not require urging to give it, that is, unless, in her own mind, she had already appropriated all her income to objects that seemed to her more important. In this way, Mrs. Beane was a power in the town, and many, both of the public and the private benefactions of Mrs. Wheaton, owed their origin to some word of hers. Later in life, through the legacy of a friend, Mrs. Beane became independent of Mrs. Wheaton, but she remained an honored inmate of the home, though then too old and feeble to be of practical use in the household, for both her daughters had died in middle life, and no one in the world was so near to her as Mrs. Wheaton.

These two daughters for many years brought an element of younger life into the household. They were teachers, and were seldom free to visit Norton, but in all their vacations Mrs. Wheaton welcomed them to her home as cordially as she welcomed her own nieces. She welcomed not only the daughters, but often their friends. She would sometimes make a house-party expressly for them, and, with all her reserve and dignity, she would enjoy the fun and frolic of the guests as much as the guests did themselves. There was a good deal of fun at such a

time, for both the daughters had inherited a strong sense of humor from their mother, and though, like most people, they stood a little in awe of Mrs. Wheaton, they filled the house with liveliness.

Though the heart of Mrs. Wheaton, a childless widow, was often sad, as her diaries show, yet her great love for others kept it sweet and sound. It overflowed especially towards her own relatives.

Mrs. Hewins writes: "Her manner, which she inherited from her mother, was always dignified, but she was very warm in her affections, and never forgot her early friends. I think if there was any occasion she enjoyed more than another, it was the Thanksgiving Day of years ago. Before the separations had come in the different families, it was the custom for many years to have a family reunion at that time, the meeting being held first with one, and then the following year with another member of the family. Aunt E. enjoyed so much the evening before Thanksgiving, when old days were talked over! But as one after another passed away, the gathering was given up."

I remember myself a letter received from Mrs. Wheaton just after her 90th Thanksgiving Day, in which, though it was very short, she spoke with such affectionate delight of a visit on that day from her New York nephew, that it is evident she retained the old family feeling to the end.

CHAPTER IX

WHEATON SEMINARY UNDER MRS. METCALF AND MISS STANTON

No story of Mrs. Wheaton's life can be complete without at least an outline of the life of the Seminary, which was in so large a measure of her own creation, which filled so large a place in her thoughts, and whose teachers were her intimate friends.

During these years the Seminary had been developing steadily and beautifully.

Mrs. Caroline Cutler Metcalf became its principal in 1850. She was a vigorous and capable woman with remarkable executive ability, and her administration was the longest in the history of the school — twenty-six years. After her retirement in 1876, her place was worthily filled for three years by Miss Ellen M. Haskell, then for a year by Miss Martha H. Sprague, while in 1880, Miss A. Ellen Stanton, who had previously been a teacher in the school for nine years, succeeded to the principalship, which she held for eighteen years, thus making her connection with the school even longer than that of Mrs. Metcalf. Through

her association with Mrs. Metcalf, though the two were very unlike, both in character and in methods of government, there was a certain continuity of development in the institution from Mrs. Metcalf's accession in 1850 to Miss Stanton's retirement in 1897, a period covering almost two thirds of its history. A link between these two administrations was Miss Clara M. Pike, who, entering the school as a very young girl, was graduated in the Class of 1866, and being almost immediately recalled by Mrs. Metcalf as a teacher of natural science, held that position till after the retirement of Miss Stanton.

To give the full history of this period of the life of the Seminary would require a volume by itself. All that the scope of the present work will allow, is an attempt to give some impression of the *spirit* of the school during these years. This was so enthusiastically and yet so truly done in some unwritten remarks recently made by Miss Julia Osgood to the N. E. Wheaton Club that she was asked to put them into the form of a paper for this book. As Miss Osgood was a pupil at Wheaton under Mrs. Metcalf, and as she returned to the Seminary as lecturer on Art a quarter of a century later, after a rich and varied experience of life, many years of which had been spent in the study of the picture galleries of Europe, she was peculiarly fitted to

appreciate the steady development of the Seminary, in which Mrs. Wheaton's ideals have been constantly worked out in larger and more beautiful forms from decade to decade.

Before giving her paper, however, some special features of Mrs. Metcalf's administration should perhaps be noted.

Under her care the school made great progress. She was a woman thoroughly awake to all the great educational movements of the time, and, one by one, she placed each of the main departments of the school on a strong and enduring foundation. Her greatest gift was her unerring judgment in the selection of her assistants. She not only clearly saw the kind of work she wanted done, but she knew how to choose exactly the right woman to do it. Having chosen her, she left her perfectly free as to methods.

One of these teachers was Miss Lucy Larcom, who made the study of literature inspiring to every girl in her classes. At a time when the one great fault of the school was its high pressure, in her classes there was always a serene, untroubled atmosphere. Her life was so elevated and beautiful, that without effort, and unconsciously, she shared it with all about her. A few words of hers at one of the annual breakfasts of the New York Wheaton Club, expressing her own feeling towards the girls,

may give a better idea of her than pages of comment.

She says she seems to have lived once in Tennyson's "Rosebud garden of girls." "The beauty of the life at Norton was the blending of wilderness and garden. The gardens looked out into meadows and woods, and meadow and wood crept up to meet the gardens. Pine forests and old apple orchards ran wild together. Meadowlarks and wood-thrushes came up and sang at the Seminary windows at sunrise, waking us before the 'rising bell.' Always there was a sort of wild flower flavor about the girls themselves, and the wildness did not make them less interesting. We were down in the wet meadows after violets and anemones and arethusas, in our rubber boots, or reciting botany in the arbor across the way in Mrs. Wheaton's garden, using ferns and rose leaves for book-marks in our logic or rhetoric or mental philosophy. Everything was breezy, fresh, unschooled, even in school. This combination of nature and cultivation made the charm of the school, and we learned there the lesson of life, that we are truly educated through all our existence by growing together, and by entering into the spirit of the growth around us. The garden need never be afraid of the wilderness, and the wilderness may always be at home in the garden.

"All cultivated flowers were wild flowers once. Culture must have freedom. Nothing grows well without plenty of air. We need not fear other growths, but may be glad to grow among plants which have known different horizons and atmospheres from our own. As in the days when we were teachers and pupils together, we may drop those distinctive names, and feel that we are learners and workers together in the wilderness-garden of the world."

The report of the breakfast says: "Miss Larcom concluded by proposing the sentiment, which was responded to with great warmth and fervor, 'Our dear and honored Mrs. Wheaton, and her lovely and beloved wild-flower garden of girls!'"

Who could fill Miss Larcom's place? Yet many of the alumnæ feel that in Miss Ann Eliza Carter,[1] who carried on the work in literature after Miss Larcom laid it down, Mrs. Metcalf succeeded in finding another rare spirit, whose teaching, though inevitably different from Miss Larcom's, was of the finest quality.

To the noble and scholarly work of Miss Mary E. Blair and her successors, Miss Mary B. Briggs, Miss Jeannie E. Woodbury (now Mrs. Annes A. Lincoln), and the Misses Emerson, it was due that

[1] Daughter of James G. Carter, called the "Father of Normal Schools."

history at Wheaton, in Mrs. Metcalf's day, was something entirely different from the mere text-book work in vogue in most girls' schools of the time. These teachers were quite unlike each other, but Mrs. Metcalf's clear vision saw the power in each, and that, by leaving them free, the Seminary would reap the full advantage of the gifts of all.

Mrs. Metcalf always made a point of having some Normal School graduate among the members of her faculty, — a point much more important in the pre-collegiate days of women than now, — for she wished the school to be in touch with the latest ideas of expert students of pedagogy. Among these women, Miss Mary J. Cragin, a teacher of real genius, put the department of mathematics — always an important one in the school — on such a solid basis that there was hardly a girls' school in the country whose work could compare with it; and through Miss Cragin's pupils, who succeeded her, the high standards then prevailing became permanent in the Seminary.

When, in the early sixties, the first wave of interest in the natural sciences swept over the land, Mrs. Metcalf's keen eyes began their search for a competent teacher of the subject. Her choice of Miss Sarah E. Cole was a happy one, for Miss Cole combined two unusual qualities, — scientific thoroughness and a sensitive love of beauty.

Though her work extended over only five years, its influence has never been lost. It was carried on along the lines she laid down by several of her pupils, especially by Miss Pike, so long the head of the department of natural science, which soon became one of Wheaton's chief glories. While laboratory work developed more and more, it was never suffered to crowd out living beauty.

Leading scientists were called in to supplement the work of the regular teachers. Norton was in easy communication with Boston, and professors of the Institute of Technology guided the work in physics, in chemistry, in mineralogy, in field geology, and in zoölogy. When, through the public-spirited generosity of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, laboratory work in chemistry first became available to New England women, Mrs. Metcalf's teachers were among the first to take advantage of the new opportunities for study, cheerfully making the journey to Boston and back for the sake of instruction. When the Teachers' School of Science was formed, Mrs. Metcalf's teachers were always among its pupils.

A chemical laboratory was needed. Mrs. Wheaton supplied it. Not very large, it was yet a model in its way. The same kind friend supplied the natural history cabinets, the observatory, with its excellent telescope, the set of compound micro-

scopes for the botany class. The department was always fully abreast of the day in scientific equipment, and, at the same time, every girl learned to love the beauty of the outdoor world, a trait not always found in connection with scientific study, and yet a possession which many a woman would acknowledge to have made life far better worth living.

Though a sound English education had been the ideal of the founders of the school, neither the Wheatons nor Mrs. Metcalf could by any means rest satisfied with that. Good instruction in Latin was provided; and French was now thoroughly taught, partly by native teachers of University training (what pupil can ever forget the fiery lessons of Professor Alphonse Renaud, the refugee of 1848 ?), and partly by high-bred American women who had lived many years abroad, among whom the alumnæ will recall the names of Miss Mary Emma Peabody, Miss Caroline Marsh Crane, and Miss A. Ellen Stanton. Miss Crane, who had lived much in Italy with her uncle, Hon. George P. Marsh, also introduced the study of Italian at Norton.[1]

Mrs. Metcalf felt great interest in the depart-

[1] Miss Crane was lost in the wreck of the Schiller, and was seen "trying to comfort a frightened child just before the waves engulphed the sinking ship and with it the group on deck among whom she knelt in prayer."

ment of music, and it was in her day that a complete course in music was first laid out. She took care that the resident teachers should be real musicians, and that the girls should be taught good music, rather than that which is simply showy. Taking advantage of the proximity of Boston, she also employed famous Boston teachers for the more advanced pupils, and she encouraged the girls to go to the city for the best concerts.

Always on the alert, always far-sighted, every new movement in education was noted by her, but never followed blindly. Elocution, gymnastics, etc., were not allowed to become fads, but were so treated as to be means of real development.

Mrs. Metcalf, moreover, had a personal gift for the management of details. Many a woman owes to Mrs. Metcalf's training her neatness in dress and in the care of her home, her promptitude in returning borrowed articles, her regularity in keeping accounts, and a thousand other good habits that mean a great deal in the way of satisfactory living both to herself and to her family.

WHEATON SEMINARY: AN APPRECIATION

BY JULIA OSGOOD

It is nearly forty years since my school days ended, and there is a long vista behind me as on my birthday, 1907, I sit down to write a brief ap-

preciation of Wheaton Seminary, of its place among New England educational institutions, and of its influence on my own development.

My first experience at boarding-school was in a large and richly-endowed institution, where I made delightful and lifelong friends. As far as my observation extended, in this school the studies, with one exception, were conducted with strict adherence to the chosen text-book. This was the case even in English literature, and our readings in that department were confined to the brief extracts given by the author whose book we studied.

I was not wholly of the crowd, but walked aside, and endeavored to weigh and understand the life that surrounded me. Accordingly, I discovered that little mental development resulted from mere text-book instruction. The pupils' work was chiefly memorizing. I noticed they left school with little more intellectual maturity than they possessed on entering. I also noted that there was but slight gain in bearing, breeding, or power of self-expression.

Later, I went to another endowed educational institution, and the same lack of progressive development in intellect and character was noticeable in every class.

Then followed my introduction to Wheaton Seminary. When I entered, the Senior Class was a

body of young women of earnest purpose, attractive in bearing, and superior in general appearance to any graduating class I had seen elsewhere. From this I was led to look for material of unusual promise in the lower classes. On the contrary, many of the younger pupils, here as elsewhere, were marked by rusticity or provincialism, and inadequate power of self-expression; girls of wholesome stock and excellent natural endowments, but quite undeveloped.

This change of the ordinary undeveloped girl into the winning and superior woman was the result of the wisest and noblest pedagogic ideals, as put in practice by the Wheaton faculty.

From the beginning, I was overjoyed and lifted up by the body of fine women who became my teachers at Norton; and in no previous school had I found the equals of some four or five Wheaton instructors whom I came to know intimately.

Foremost among them was Miss Mary J. Cragin, who combined such loveliness, intellect, and nobility that she remains unique among the women I have met. At the time I knew her, she appeared to be the most intimate friend of all who surrounded her. I never heard of a case of jealousy among her girl lovers, nor did I hear of one who was not offered such a draught of love from Miss Cragin's true heart that to measure it seemed impossible.

She was a woman of versatility and ripe culture. She was clear and masterful in psychology. She was my best teacher in mathematics — she was my best teacher in whatever she taught me. I studied mathematical astronomy with her, and the heavens since then have been one of my richest sources of pleasure. With her I spent my first night-watch, tired and somewhat skeptical, awaiting the shower of the Leonides; and the shooting meteors of that night were so brilliant and tumultuous and multitudinous (1867) that it stands apart among my heavenly experiences.

General literature with Miss Cragin was in itself a liberal education. One New Year's Day, some forty years ago, she rendered memorable by reading to us Robert Browning's poem, "Pippa Passes." Other women might have read it to us at Christmas or Easter; Miss Cragin alone would be sure to do so on the day of days, the day the poem celebrated. What she brought to us outside of our studies was amazing.

No one person has ever done so much for me in regard to the understanding of music. She read to a little group of girls, of whom I was one, a critical estimate of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, published in the "St. Louis Journal of Speculative Philosophy." When we had read and discussed the Essay, Miss Cragin arranged to have an ac-

complished pianist come to Norton and play the Sonata for us. I was never so prepared as then to receive and perceive the soul of music. In other arts she was a correspondingly great stimulus.

I see her now, moving quickly and silently through the halls, an atmosphere of quiet joy seeming to emanate from her person. Or I see her in the class-room, her noble, clear-cut features worthy of the finest cameo; her eyes searching, but full of kindness; her enunciation clear and perfect. She was generally gowned in gray, a pale gray, with delicate blue at throat and waist, most charming to the eye, especially so in a community where utility in dress was paramount. I should say she was the first woman I had ever seen artistically clad in a New England class-room.

One of the last beautiful days I spent with Miss Cragin was June 4, 1868, towards the close of her last year at Wheaton, when a large party of "her girls" went with her to the woods, finding more wonderful flowers and living creatures than I have ever met on any subsequent excursion. She seemed to open our eyes to all the woodland inhabitants. I came home loaded with treasures, among them two freshly born Luna moths, held through our long tramp with great care, wings up, so as not to destroy the exquisite apple-green down of their plumage.

Among the distinguished Wheaton teachers, a prominent place is due to Miss Mary E. Blair. From her I first learned about the Ramayana and Mahabharata, and it was owing to this early stimulus that I was later led to study the remarkable German translations of these glorious Oriental poems.

Miss Blair was the first teacher who sent me to original sources. While studying the history of the Middle Ages in her classes, I fell in with a line of books quite new to me, and as interesting as the Arabian Nights had been in earlier days. Chief among them were Neander's "Church History" and Ranke's "History of the Popes." Not alone in class did Miss Blair share with us her intellectual riches. During her evening "half hour" in the girls' parlor she read to those who cared to listen wonderful bits from the world's great literatures; often reading in fluent English from a volume of untranslated French plays, or other books as yet inaccessible to us. She had few if any intimates, but her position among the pupils was an enviable one. I have never seen a woman under similar conditions who was so loyally accepted at her true worth. We all understood her, or at least we understood her enough to be proud of her.

. . . . . .

[In the Natural Sciences, also, the methods at

Norton were stimulating.] A careful study was made of the birds and insects found in Norton. To each girl was assigned a particular species of bird to watch from its arrival in spring, through nest-building and the breeding period. The facts thus gathered were recorded by each observer in a series of monographs of genuine value on account of their verity. They are, I believe, among the school archives.

I had already taken two courses in Botany with men whose names are now famous, but recognizing that better work was done at Wheaton in that branch, in my last term I studied Botany for the third time, gaining an interesting acquaintance with grasses, ferns, and mosses as well as the so-called flowering plants. Botany as thus studied has added materially to the delight of every new country I have visited, and has ever since been so thoroughly a part of myself that I can share it without effort with every child who becomes my companion in wood or meadow. . . . [In my last term] I also reviewed the mathematics I had taken in other schools [studying them with one of the younger teachers]. For this reason I did not graduate at Wheaton; I was already engaged as a teacher, and wanted to be familiar with the Wheaton methods of teaching the studies allotted to me. This necessitated the reviews of which I have

spoken, and prevented my taking Butler's "Analogy" with the graduating class.

. . . . . .

Mention must be made of one of our visiting teachers, Mr. Stacy Baxter, selected by Mrs. Metcalf to instruct the girls as to the best delivery of their poems and essays. He was unique at that time, and would still be so among those who were once called "elocution teachers," and who are now styled "professors of vocal culture." Mr. Baxter taught primarily the beauty of simplicity, of modest fearlessness, of conscientious purity, and delicacy of enunciation. He stimulated us to be our best selves, and to express what was best in us by means of our voices. The few lessons I had from him rank among Wheaton's important gifts. Mr. Baxter's work in the school was in harmony with the high character of the instruction in other departments, and his weekly visits were salutary and joy bringing.

The next inquiry of moment is this: By whom were these invaluable teachers selected and held together, and how was it that each was allowed such freedom and individuality in her work?

To explain this we must turn to Mrs. Caroline C. Metcalf, Principal of Wheaton Seminary from 1850 to 1876. While still a pupil, I ventured to ask Mrs. Metcalf how she managed year after year

to select and maintain a corps of such superior teachers. She answered that being human she of course made mistakes, but that she "neither continued in them nor repeated them." She also knew that freedom of method is the prime condition of excellence in teaching. In writing a recommendation for me, she said: "She will do good work, *if* you let her work in her own way."

Mrs. Metcalf's period was one of broad hospitality at the Seminary. When I was a pupil at Wheaton my dear young brothers, coming to Norton for a day, dined with me at the Seminary table as a matter of course, and the same privilege was extended to cousins and friends.

Lacking, perhaps, in some of the feminine graces, Mrs. Metcalf was none the less competent and powerful as an executive. I can think of her only as a great general, with deep knowledge of human nature, and keen appreciation of its various excellencies. She selected her lieutenants as with the power of a divining-rod. She tolerated, yea, supported the influence in the school of women with whom she was personally neither in tune nor touch, but whose superior gifts she willed to consecrate to the service of Wheaton. She was able and willing in certain directions to subordinate herself in order to permit fullest expansion to those whom she had elected to work under her. What

type of woman could have done more to advance the highest development of the Seminary?

I believed the Seminary had reached its acme in the sixties; but twenty-five years later I found it was still growing. It was hardly to be expected that a school which in the sixties was using methods that to-day are still called ideal, should make marked advance in its curriculum, yet it had done so. The high standards of earlier days were maintained, the library was enlarged, a collection of good photographs and Japanese prints was installed, a well-equipped laboratory was added to the plant, modern languages were taught by native teachers, and the history and criticism of art was given a prominence accorded in few schools, for it was continued through all four years of the course.[1]

[1] The love of *beauty* had always been one of the vital forces in the education at Wheaton. No one who remembers the women of the early and middle years of the Seminary can doubt that. When Mrs. Metcalf gave the school a half holiday one morning after a snowfall and sent the girls for a sleigh-ride through Neck Woods because Miss Cole had said they *must* see the Woods in their supreme beauty before one touch of sunshine had dissolved their charm, it was an act characteristic of the emphasis laid on essentials in the school. But in the early years, though nature was so loved, there was little opportunity there or anywhere in New England to study art. Yet after all, thanks to Mrs. Wheaton, who made a generous appropriation for the purpose, Wheaton was one of the very first schools in the country to have a good art department connected with its

It was, however, in the social atmosphere that the school had made most progress. Under Miss Stanton's jurisdiction the living-rooms became more attractive, some of the trivial rules were done away with, — for instance, there were no more "Sunday stairs," — Miss Stanton's high breeding and beautiful manners were an incentive to the girls in the direction of deportment. She was a gracious and delightful hostess, and dispensed the hospitality of the Seminary with the freedom Mrs. Metcalf's example had taught the children of Wheaton to rely upon.

Miss Stanton had gathered about her in the nineties a body of teachers so unique and admirable that I could compare them with none others except the famous band of the sixties. Chief among them was Miss Clara M. Pike. Thoroughly equipped as a teacher of the Natural Sciences, she constantly raised the standard in her department. She had the love and confidence of all the girls, and watched over the details of their health and happiness with a wisdom and patience having its root in the most

library, and encouraged by this, art-loving alumnæ (notably Miss Eleanor Norcross, the artist) had added many treasures gathered in foreign travel. Both Miss Haskell and Miss Stanton had a genuine love of art, and later, when Miss Stanton placed the department under the management of Miss Osgood herself, it became one of the most inspiring as well as one of the most delightful departments of the school. — Ed.

beautiful spirit of motherhood. For more than thirty years she poured out in the service of Wheaton all the riches of her heart and brain and enthusiasm.

The classics were taught by the thorough and scholarly Miss Elizabeth H. Palmer, who has since won Yale's Ph.D. and an important college position. For some time Miss Heloise E. Hersey directed the literature classes and lectured to the school every week. Later Miss Bertha K. Young (now professor at Mt. Holyoke) had charge of the department of literature, and was worthy of her predecessors. I cannot speak too highly of the standards she set for herself and her pupils. Instruction in German was given by Fräulein Struck, a native, well born and bred, and highly competent, whose unique qualifications have since been recognized by one of our leading colleges. French was taught by Dr. Jean Mure, a Frenchman twice *diplomé* of the University of France, and cultured in art, literature, and science. For a number of seasons, Professor Charles Young of Princeton, the leading authority on the sun, spent a week at the Seminary, lecturing twice daily to the whole school. The presence of this savant as a brief resident at Wheaton was a great stimulus to the girls in their study of science. Besides the teachers above mentioned, there were many others in subordinate

positions who gave true service and are gratefully remembered.

Looking back upon the Seminary at this period, there are but two adverse criticisms that could be made, *i. e.*, the buildings and their equipment were inadequate to the growing demands of the public, and the rules of the school were in some directions too chafing for the expanding and self-directing girl of the approaching twentieth century. But the work was broad and delightful, the social life charming and intimate, and the guidance of Miss Stanton so based on integrity and tempered by graciousness and refinement, that I felt too many could not be brought under the Wheaton influences of that time.

As we have seen that back of the eminent corps of teachers for which Wheaton has so long been noted, there stood a principal who was responsible for their selection and for the quality of their work, so back of teachers and principal was the board of trustees, and, most important of all, Mrs. Wheaton, who was, as it were, the cornerstone of the institution.

Among the trustees I must mention the name of that benignant Christian gentleman, Dr. Plumb, whose long term of service has been a constant blessing to Wheaton Seminary.

Mrs. Wheaton, in her simple and dignified

dwelling opposite the Seminary, for seventy years worked out plans for the welfare of the school, gave it her love, her intellect, her fortune. In my period she was not personally known to the pupils till they became seniors and passed on into the Alumnæ. Years later I realized that with full power to help or hinder, in the ultimate analysis, Mrs. Wheaton had always been the force that advanced the school. She it was who guided and upheld the able lieutenants in the field. In final results, the Seminary was what Mrs. Wheaton willed it to be.

For many years she was in closest contact with the beloved institution, hearing daily from the principal and head assistant every detail of life and work at the Seminary. So close was Mrs. Wheaton's union with these *beloved* instruments of her bounty that she could not bear the long separation entailed by the summer vacation, but made Miss Stanton and Miss Pike her guests during hot weather, season after season, at the Isles of Shoals, where she spent her days planning for and brooding over the future of the Seminary.

Few patrons have lived to see such full fruitage from the seed they planted as did Mrs. Wheaton. The alumnæ, as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has remarked, are "notable for their *solidarity*." Many of them have returned to the Seminary as teachers,

and made high records in educational work there and elsewhere.

[Note by the Editor. Miss Osgood's paper here included a list of some of the leading alumnæ who have distinguished themselves in various ways. But, as any such list must necessarily be very incomplete, it has been thought best to omit it, though it is fully recognized that the final value of the school and the real result of the work to which Mrs. Wheaton gave so much of her life, must consist in the character and usefulness of the women who were educated at the Seminary. The record is a fine one, and not less so for the undistinguished women who have put their best energies into the making of beautiful homes than for those whose names are known to the public.]

I have spoken briefly of the noble patroness, of the able principals and teachers, and of the unique methods of teaching. The main points I want to make are these: that Wheaton has stood for more than half a century for the highest educational ideals; that she has led her students to original sources in nature, and to first-hand authorities in history and literature; that she has trained her children to abandon sentimentalism and inherited prejudice, and to seek deep and just foundations for their beliefs; that she has fostered independence of thought; that development of character has been regarded as inseparable from proper development of intellect; that the instruction which led to these results was given by a band of women of rare ability and nobility, whose methods were in advance of the period; that they took the ordinary

girl and so wisely and lovingly directed her that she was no longer ordinary or commonplace, but had control of her own powers, had rich sources of pleasure and usefulness at her command, and knew where to look for further help and development. It is not too much to say that Wheaton women are very earnest in their lives, and that they centre in the *community* rather than in themselves. Finally it appears that Wheaton was a school of life on a broad and natural scale, that it was so because Mrs. Wheaton was the informing power that sustained and directed it, and to her I again, and more publicly than has before been possible, give my profound salutation of love and gratitude for the gifts I received through her from Wheaton Seminary.

CHAPTER X

TOWN AFFAIRS

THE interest that Mrs. Wheaton always showed in the town of Norton is brought out clearly in the two following papers written for the Wheaton Memorial Meeting in 1906.

PAPER OF MRS. DAVID A. LINCOLN (MARY J. BAILEY), CLASS OF 1864

I was quite young when I knew Mrs. Wheaton, and have met her but few times in the nearly forty years since I left Norton. At first thought it would appear that her life had had no direct influence on mine. But I can see now that but for her I might never have been a pupil at Wheaton Seminary.

Soon after the death of my father,[1] Dr. Blodgett — a dear friend of ours — supplied the pulpit at Norton, and asked Mr. Wheaton if he knew of any opportunity there for a widow with three young children to support and educate. Mrs. Wheaton reminded her husband of his desire to find some capable woman to take charge of his

[1] Mr. Bailey was a minister.

boarding-house connected with the new straw shop, and suggested that he go over to Attleboro and offer the position to this friend of Dr. Blodgett's. I remember well the day when Mr. Wheaton and Mr. Kelley drove up to our door. My mother sent us children out to play during their call, and we watched with eager curiosity until the carriage drove away. Then we learned that we were to go to Norton to live.

Mrs. Wheaton was one of our first callers in the new home, and always showed kindly interest in my mother's welfare. It was through her that, when the straw business was given up, my mother had the chance to board the men who built the new boarding-house.

I remember also, the summer when I was trying to earn the money for a new dress by picking and selling berries, that I usually found a ready sale for them at Mrs. Wheaton's door, and she frequently commended me when the berries were clean, large, and ripe.

Another vivid picture is that of the annual evening parties at Mrs. Wheaton's, to which many of the church people were invited. This party and the reception at the Seminary were the great social events of the winter in those days, and I was a happy girl when I was old enough to be invited. It was from Mrs. Wheaton's gracious

courtesy, and her kindly interest in each guest on these occasions, that I received my first lessons in social etiquette. I can see her queenly figure as she stood at the door to welcome us, — that peculiar forward movement of the body before the feet advanced, as she led us out to the dining-room: I taste again the crisp, thin biscuit which she always served, and I roam again through the upper rooms where the young people gathered for some game.

Another time, after leaving school, A. W. was visiting me, and Mrs. Wheaton invited us to dine with her. A roast of beef was placed before Mrs. Wheaton, which she proceeded at once to carve, Mr. Wheaton meanwhile making ineffectual efforts to separate the joints in the boiled fowl at his end of the table. Presently Mrs. Wheaton said in a low tone to the waiter, "You may take this beef to Mr. Wheaton and bring the fowl to me," and on receiving it, she raised her glasses,—you will all recall that characteristic gesture, — applied her knife at once to the vital point, and the joints were quickly severed; and at the same time she kept up her lively interest in our conversation. That example of simple dignity and imperturbability was never forgotten.

When my pupils have told me of their success in making the Park St. Cake from my Boston Cook

Book, I have taken great pride in saying to them, "That recipe was given to me when I began housekeeping, by Mrs. Wheaton."

My mother often told me in later life of Mrs. Wheaton's sisterly interest in warning her of undesirable companions for her children, of her solicitude for my health after my first long illness, and her fears that I might form unwise friendships.

My most tender memory of the woman whom we honor to-day is that of her neighborly and generous assistance to my mother during the last days of my brother's life. While many neighbors were really helpful in bringing in dainties to the sick one, or in sharing her untiring watch at his bedside, and others hindered more than they helped by their too frequent calls merely for inquiry, Mrs. Wheaton gave most practical help by sending a large basket of cooked food for the family, with the promise to renew the supply as long as needed.

I found, among some old papers in my desk, this note, the only one I ever received from Mrs. Wheaton.

This note, which Mrs. Lincoln read at the meeting, consisted of only two lines. It was one of the first orders received by her for her now famous Cook Book, and was accompanied by a check.

PAPER BY MISS MABEL HAYWARD PERRY,
CLASS OF 1896

In the summer of 1829, the Hon. Laban M. Wheaton brought to the little town of Norton his bride, the beautiful Eliza Chapin, of Uxbridge, Massachusetts. For seventy-six years Mrs. Wheaton was a resident of the town [illegible] life among the village people was a constant benediction. By her gracious sympathy, her gentle courtesy, and never-failing tact, she won the hearts of both young and old. Truly, she was an ideal Christian gentlewoman, whom the town deeply respected and loved.

On the other hand, it was manifest that Mrs. Wheaton loved Norton. To her it represented the magic word, "Home." When summer came, however, for a few months, she left the village and spent her time at the Isles of Shoals, her favorite seashore resort. Nevertheless, when autumn brought her to the quiet town again, she often said to old acquaintances, "Dear old Norton! How glad I am to see it once more."

It would be impossible to speak of all the benevolent deeds and various philanthropies for the benefit of the townspeople which originated in this dear woman's heart.

How Mrs. Wheaton loved the Seminary is understood by all. It is not generally known how

pleased she was when a pupil from the town entered the school and later was graduated, nor does any one know how many girls, rich in ambition, but poor in worldly goods, this kind-hearted friend enabled to attend the school.

Nowhere is Mrs. Wheaton missed more than in the Trinitarian Congregational Church, of which she was an earnest member.[1] Until physically unfit to be present, she might have been seen on every Sabbath morning in her accustomed pew. The church was founded in 1832. From its organization until the present time the Wheaton family have given most liberally towards its financial support. In recent years Mrs. Wheaton presented the society with a cozy chapel, later remodelling and refurnishing it, and gave a tower clock to the church, which is a constant reminder to the passer-by of her thoughtfulness. In 1882 the whole church was rebuilt, mainly at her expense. Besides all this Mrs. Wheaton regularly contributed most generously to the church. The treasurer of the society often tells us that when funds were low an unexpected check would come bearing her signature. At her death she left a gift of money to the church; but were not her love and devotion to the society, and the influence of her pure and noble life, the greatest gifts of all?

[1] She was the last of its charter members.

On the town of Norton Mrs. Wheaton bestowed the generous gift of a free public library, which adds to the long list of her good deeds. The library building stands at the head of the main street of the town, on one of the choicest sites of the village. Besides the gift of building and grounds, this kind benefactress gave a check for $1000 for the purchase of books. Thus she ministered to the refinement, culture, and advancement of the citizens of Norton, who will always feel the uplifting inspiration of her presence when they behold the building which will stand as a memorial to her life and name for many generations.

A few years before Mrs. Wheaton's death she gave the grounds where the High School stands to the town. Although the Seminary was her first and best beloved object, she was greatly interested in this public school as well, and gave $1000 towards equipping the building with a laboratory.

I have spoken solely of the large public benefactions of our friend. Before concluding, I should like to tell of a few little kindnesses which sweetened the lives of some of Mrs. Wheaton's neighbors. Half of these deeds of love will never be known, for Mrs. Wheaton never did good ostentatiously. However, there are many families in town who would tell you, if they were here, that in hours of affliction and poverty Mrs. Wheaton

was to them an angel of mercy. At Christmastide there were many hearts surprised and gladdened by a generous present of money. During her residence in the town a number of fires occurred, destroying the houses or barns of neighbors. To these unfortunate ones she sent her check. Mrs. Wheaton was sympathetic and broad-minded. The individuals helped were often newcomers to the town, and represented various nationalities and creeds. She was no respecter of persons in the narrow sense, and was kind, courteous, and affable to all sorts and conditions of men, and made everybody feel at home in her presence.

During the last years of her life Mrs. Wheaton was seen but little outside of her own home. On all pleasant days, however, her carriage might have been seen; and we knew that the dear old lady was enjoying the delightful drives of Norton.

Before she grew so feeble, she made many calls; and always welcomed friends at the Wheaton Mansion. Her interest in all about her was ever apparent, and in the last year of her life she was keenly enthusiastic over all improvements proposed in the town. Soon it will be a year since Mrs. Wheaton was among us. Her sweet face and gentle, kindly voice, will always be remembered by those whose privilege it was to know her. The children of future days will hear her name and

revere it. Thus she lived among us: simply, quietly, beautifully radiating love and kindliness everywhere around her. The town of Norton will forever cherish and honor its benefactress, Mrs. Eliza Baylies Wheaton.

The remodelling of the church, referred to by Miss Perry, was a matter of great interest to Mrs. Wheaton. All the Wheatons had taken part in the building and equipment of the original structure fifty years before, and in 1851 Mrs. Wheaton herself had given an organ. It would perhaps have been easier, and scarcely more costly, to demolish the old church in 1882, and build anew from the foundations, than to remodel it, but Mrs. Wheaton could not bring herself to destroy completely the house planned by the revered "Father Wheaton," in which her loved husband had worshipped. Accordingly the main walls were left standing, and the old bell, "Mother Wheaton's" gift, was retained, though everything else was changed. One of the alumnæ recalls the stress she laid on making the seats very *comfortable*, saying earnestly that she wished the congregation to be really "at ease in Zion."

A year or two earlier she had given a parsonage to the society. When the health of the minister had made it necessary for him to resign, and it

proved too heavy a tax on his strength to supply the pulpit himself for the three months before his resignation was to take effect, she at once sent the following letter to the church committee: —

Dear Brethren, — In view of the condition of our Pastor's health, I am moved to say to you that I will be responsible for the expense of supplying the pulpit from this time to Sept. 1, so that you can make this offer (through the Society) to the Pastor, to continue his salary, you paying that as usual as a Society, and supply the pulpit through my offer to you.

Yours in Christian fellowship,

E. B. Wheaton.

Perhaps the pastor never knew that he was indebted to Mrs. Wheaton personally for this relief.

In 1885, Mrs. Wheaton paid $200 for the Trinitarian Congregational Church, and an equal amount for the Unitarian as well, for perpetual membership in the General Theological Library Corporation of Boston, thus giving the pastors of both churches this valuable opportunity for study.

Stanch Trinitarian as she was, she seems always to have taken great pleasure in helping her Unitarian friends in all matters in which she could do so without accepting their creed. A letter from

one of the Unitarian ministers of Norton, asking her if she would allow some one employed by her to give him a day's service, begins: "I have been to you many times, asking that you would help me to carry out some plan to benefit the public," thus showing the cordial interest she took in *all* measures for the general good, whether initiated by her own sect or party, or not.

The following letter from Rev. George H. Hubbard of Haverhill, Mass., who was her minister from 1888 to 1896, shows the personal interest she felt in her pastor's family.

LETTER FROM REV. GEORGE H. HUBBARD

I am very glad indeed to have the opportunity of contributing a few reminiscences to the biography of Mrs. Wheaton. . . . I have every reason to remember her with pleasure and gratitude. She occupied a very prominent and vital place in the church of which I was pastor, . . . and I am sure that no other position save that of principal of the Seminary could have brought me into closer touch with her life or afforded better opportunity to discover the deepest springs of her character.

Coming to Norton as a young man not long out of the theological seminary, I brought my bride to the parsonage soon after the beginning of my ministry there. Can I ever forget the deep interest

manifested by Mrs. Wheaton in the furnishing of that first home, and in everything necessary for the comfort of its occupants? That she had done much in the way of enlarging and refitting the house for my predecessor did not make her any less ready to do yet more for the newcomers. In fact, her liberality in the expenditure of money for the comfort of her pastor or the necessities of her church was a marked characteristic of her life.

That her provision was never meagre, but instead always exceeded expectation, a single incident will show. In remodelling the church building some years before, the vestry had been left in the original condition. With the passing years, it had become a somewhat dingy and unattractive place, being seldom used for any gatherings. In view of a prospective need, however, I suggested the desirability of raising money that it might be put in order. On hearing of my plan, Mrs. Wheaton at once invited me to her home for a conference, and having questioned me carefully as to my wishes in the matter, assured me that she would see to it that they were carried out. This promise she fulfilled without delay, only departing from my plan in that she expended fifteen hundred dollars where I had asked for an outlay of not more than two or three hundred. This is but one example of many that might be given from my personal experience

of Mrs. Wheaton's habitually generous response to every appeal that commended itself to her judgment.

Nor were her generous gifts limited to her pastor and his family and the church. Perhaps there were few who knew as I did how manifold were her bounties to the poor of the town, or to those in any distress. A case of sickness or want in any home was often relieved by a gift from Mrs. Wheaton. No appeal was necessary. A simple statement of the case was sufficient to enlist her sympathy and insure her aid. And her interest in the town, and especially in the young people and their needs, continually manifested itself in renewed gifts to the library, for which she had already provided a building that will be a lasting ornament to the village, and in making it possible for many a young woman to enjoy the privileges of the Seminary.

It was not, however, simply as a "Lady Bountiful," freely and liberally meeting financial needs, that I remember Mrs. Wheaton. There were even more pleasant relations, as they were more direct and personal. I always felt that it required no little self-sacrifice on her part to approve the call of a man so young as myself to the Norton pastorate; for, as a matter of course, she would find more that was helpful in the ministrations of one of maturer mind and more conservative spirit. But I think she

put her own personal preferences in the background as a concession to the desires and interests of the young people both in the town and in the Seminary. Naturally, her feeling toward the young pastor and his wife was somewhat motherly, and both of us recall gratefully many a word of counsel spoken by her, always in such a quiet, tactful way that no one else knew anything about it. When the little daughter came to our home, an event in which Mrs. Wheaton took the deepest interest, she very soon learned to speak of "Grandma Wheaton," and the title was accepted graciously as the most natural thing in the world.

One word of the motherly advice of which I have spoken will never be forgotten. It was in the early days of my Norton ministry that she called my attention to the number of elderly people in the congregation who, like herself, found some difficulty in catching all that was said from the pulpit, and suggested that many would appreciate it if the pastor would speak a little more slowly and a little more distinctly when preaching. The suggestion so kindly given was not unheeded, and many an aged person in subsequent parishes has had cause for gratitude to Mrs. Wheaton for the distinct pulpit utterance which is largely due to this timely hint.

For a person of her years and conservative

nature, Mrs. Wheaton was remarkably tolerant in her attitude toward the newer outlook and modes of expression in theology. True, she was somewhat startled when her pastor exchanged for the first time with his Unitarian neighbor; and when the organization of a Christian Endeavor Society was suggested, she advised against undue haste in the matter, the movement being yet in its experimental stages; but, as the years went by, she heartily rejoiced in the growing friendliness of the two churches, and manifested a genuine and practical interest in the work of the young people.

The more than eight years of my Norton pastorate were marked with numberless deeds of kindness and words of friendly counsel from Mrs. Wheaton, and our removal to other fields never lessened her motherly interest in myself and the members of my family. This interest she continued to the very end, often extending to us a cordial welcome to the enjoyment of her large hospitality either at her home, or at the Shoals.

I shall ever remember Mrs. Wheaton as one of the most prominent characters in that early parish, a lady of the old school, courtly but frank, cautious but tolerant, a bountiful giver, a firm friend, and a true Christian, seeking earnestly the welfare of her church, and the comfort and peace of her pastor.

CHAPTER XI

THE JUBILEE OF WHEATON SEMINARY

The close of the first fifty years of the life of the Seminary, in 1885, was marked by a special celebration. The most unique and charming feature of this celebration was due to Mrs. Wheaton's hospitality and generosity, for while in any case a hearty invitation to join in the exercises of the day would have been extended to all who had ever been connected with the school, Mrs. Wheaton could not be satisfied without a *real* visit from *all* the alumnæ, and *all* the old teachers, and therefore beds and entertainment for two days were provided at her expense for all who could be prevailed upon to come. She included in her hospitality many of the leading pupils who did not graduate. Never in the world could there have been a more delightful renewal of the friendships of girlhood by middle-aged and elderly women than at the semicentennial anniversary of Wheaton Seminary.

The school had now come to its blossoming time. In its earliest days, most of the energy of its managers had been employed in seeing that it was firmly and deeply rooted in good ground. In the

time of Mrs. Metcalf it had become a flourishing tree, full of vigorous green leaves. Now it was ready to put forth rich and beautiful flowers.

Never was the old pun, "The best-bred girls are the Wheaten-bread girls" (imitating the boast that the best-bred boys are the Brown-bread boys), better sustained by the good manners of the schoolgirls than during the administration of Miss Stanton. The Alumnæ of fifty years, returning to their Alma Mater, were touched and charmed by the beautiful deference shown to them by the schoolgirls of 1885, by their thoughtfulness for the comfort of others, by their gentle voices and lovely bearing.

Mrs. Wheaton's own mansion was filled with the old principals of the school. At that time there had been ten of them, all of whom were living, and most of whom were present at the celebration. Mrs. Cowles (once Miss Caldwell) was there, with her eyes as bright, her cheeks as rosy, her brain as clear, and her interest in all good things as living as when, with but two assistants, she undertook the task of educating the Wheaton girls fifty years before in the one modest schoolhouse, now surrounded by several large, well-equipped buildings, in which the principal presided over a large corps of highly trained specialists. Mrs. Beane, Mrs. Barrows, Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Holmes, were others

among the very early principals who came back, gray-haired to be sure, but with hearts as fresh and minds as vigorous as in the old days. Mrs. Metcalf, who had piloted the ship through more than half its voyage at that time, was there to meet the throng of women to whom she was *the* principal of the Seminary.

And to welcome them all, Mrs. Wheaton, the girl of 1835, stood at her door, a noble and venerable figure, with her beautiful, loving smile. To the younger women looking on it was an inspiring sight to see this gathering of the women of the elder day. It helped them to realize some of the rewards awaiting those who have fought a good fight from youth to age, and who have never forgotten in any press of the battle to love one another.

Mrs. Wheaton's entry in her diary for June 30, 1885, concludes: "My heart was full of joy. It was a noble exhibition of talent and consecration by the former pupils.

"Anniversary 50th!!"

At this time Mrs. Wheaton was already seventy-five years old, but full of vigor. Soon after that the years began to tell, though she grew old very gently. Up to fourscore she was an exception to the almost universal rule, for her "strength" had not become "labor and sorrow." After eighty she began to lay aside first one occupation and then another.

CHAPTER XII

ACTIVITIES OF LATER LIFE

On the return of Mrs. Wheaton's brother, General Samuel Austin Chapin, from California, in 1884, Mrs. Wheaton invited him and his wife to make their home permanently with her. One year later she writes in her diary: "One year this morning since Austin and Maria arrived from California. I have enjoyed much since they came. We have reason for gratitude for the health we four old people have enjoyed."

But Mrs. Chapin soon became an invalid, a paralytic, and several changes in the house were made having special reference to her comfort. A nurse became a regular member of the household.

Of the great circle of brothers and sisters, all so dear to each other, in which Mrs. Wheaton had grown up, few were now left. Her brother Adolphus had died at the age of seventy-eight in 1875, and her sister Mary at the age of seventy-three in 1876. Only Mr. Judson Chapin of West Roxbury and General Chapin now remained to her.

Though General Chapin was now an old man himself, he was one of those men who never really

grow old, and he lightened Mrs. Wheaton's burdens in a thousand ways, not only by his geniality in the home, but by his interest in all the affairs of the town where his family had formerly resided, helping efficiently in the church, the public library, and among the poor. His interest in the Seminary was equally great. He was Secretary of the Board of Trustees. It was fitting that a new residence hall, built some years after his death, should, in honor of him, receive the name of Chapin Hall.

In 1890 General Chapin paid a visit to California to join in the reunion of the original settlers of the State (called the "Forty-niners"), of whom he was one. The journey was fatiguing, and the excitement of meeting old friends was great. "The party was received at San Bernardino," says a newspaper clipping preserved by Mrs. Wheaton, "with enthusiastic demonstrations, and during the ovation, General Chapin, having made the most brilliant speech of the evening, in leaning over to pick up a bouquet of flowers, as was supposed, fell to the floor insensible and died in less than half an hour." His last words were, "God bless the noble State and the dear people of California."

He was a man who had made his mark wherever he had lived. When a boy in White Pigeon, Mich., he had borne a valiant part in the Black Hawk War with the Indians, and tradition says that his

tact and diplomacy in dealing with the chiefs, united with his decisive measures, did much to shorten the struggle. At all events, he "smoked the pipe of peace" with the chiefs "with dignity and goodwill." It was the only time in his life that he was known to smoke, and he remembered the "awful" strength of the long pipe till the day of his death, saying in his old age that he "could taste it yet." Furthermore, the title of Brigadier-General was conferred upon him for his services in this war. He was made one of the Trustees of the town of White Pigeon, and also sent to Detroit to represent that district in the legislature, being the youngest member of that body but one. For more than thirty years he gave his energies to San Francisco, helping to infuse many of the best New England ideas into the new city. As might be expected of a Chapin, he was one of the original members of the First Congregational Church in San Francisco, and one of its earliest deacons. Meantime, he had mining interests in what was then Utah Territory, and while a resident of Virginia City "was twice elected alderman and twice elected a member of the Constitutional Convention which resulted in the making of the State of Nevada." "Wherever he went," says a manuscript obituary in Mrs. Wheaton's own hand, "he found work to do to benefit mankind."

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

MRS. WHEATON AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT

From a photograph

After his death, the man of the family on whom Mrs. Wheaton most relied was his only son and namesake, Mr. Samuel A. Chapin of New York. This favorite nephew took his father's place in her heart, and for years her house was the place of his home-coming. She was wonderfully cheered by his frequent visits and his tender affection, which filled the cup of her delights.

Mrs. Wheaton felt the loss of General Chapin deeply. Her dearly loved brother Judson had died in 1887, so that she was now the last of her family. And she was eighty-one years old.

There was now no strong, efficient person in her own home on whom she could lean, for Mrs. Beane was growing old as well as Mrs. Wheaton. Mrs. Wheaton still attended to all her business affairs, but two years later she found her burdens pressing so heavily upon her that she invited Miss Lucy D. Tozer, a lady living in Norton, who had been a Wheaton student, to become her private secretary. This most satisfactory arrangement continued till Mrs. Wheaton's death, thirteen years later. The affection between Mrs. Wheaton and Miss Tozer was very warm, and the relation became still closer after the death of the other members of the family, Mrs. Chapin dying in 1892, a few months after Miss Tozer became one of the household, and Mrs. Beane in 1899. After Mrs. Beane's

death, a sister of Miss Tozer, Mrs. Mary E. Thurston, came to assist in the increasing cares of the home.

Mrs. Smith writes: "The mercy of God for which Mrs. Wheaton always gave thanksgiving was certainly shown when these two sisters were led to the doorway of this old home. No happier arrangement could be conceived. When the necessary time for adjustment had passed by, it came to this, that Miss Tozer's return was looked for as for that of a beloved daughter, that her presence meant joy and comfort, that, indeed, a love and devotion like that of a daughter was given back. To speak of the marvellous manner in which Mrs. Wheaton's former duties in business matters and her ways of conducting household affairs were taken up and carried on by this dear lady is impossible, for words cannot do it justice. Mrs. Thurston's kindly presence increased this delight and comfort. Their nieces flitted back and forth in all their youth and joyousness, adding their part to this lovely old lady's sum of happiness."

In November, 1892, Mrs. Wheaton arranged her affairs in such a way that her banking business could be transacted by Miss Tozer. Though she was still able to go to Boston sometimes, such an arrangement was necessary because of her increasing infirmities, for she was ill with rheuma-

tism all through the following winter. Gradually, as her eyesight began to grow dim, she gave up writing her own letters, dictating to Miss Tozer instead, but to the last, every letter was a model of clear, concise statement of the matter in hand.

Happily there was never any trace of failure mentally in Mrs. Wheaton. She always conducted family prayers in the morning, and the members of the household noticed that she often used the expression, "I thank Thee for *reason*," speaking with great earnestness.

Though she had now definitely recognized the presence of old age, and had reorganized her life accordingly, it must not be supposed that she had given up work. Her last years were as fruitful as any in her life.

The routine was substantially the same from day to day. Breakfast was at seven in the summer, and at half-past seven in the winter. Then she went to her desk, and attended to business and her correspondence. The business of her life was chiefly the spending of her large income so that it might do the most good. Inside her cash-book she kept for many years a newspaper clipping, viz.: "I expect to pass this way but ONCE; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me

do it now, let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

This motto, in illuminated text, is familiar as a Christmas card, and ornaments many writing-desks of those who may or may not be guided by it; but it was not for its outward beauty that Mrs. Wheaton fastened it to the fly-leaf of her cash-book. It expressed her purpose in her daily business. On the reverse of the slip were three extracts of poetry bearing similar sentiments: —

1. The stanza beginning, —

"I live for those who love me,"

and ending, —

"AND THE GOOD THAT I CAN DO."

2. The stanza beginning, —

"True worth is in being, not seeming;"

and ending, —

"There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

3. Another, beginning, —

"Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw."

Mrs. Wheaton's mail was full of appeals for help. Miss Tozer says that she "almost always gave to those who asked, though not always as

much as was asked for." She was judicious and wished to help others to help themselves, not to help them to be idle or careless or extravagant. And she did not wait to be asked before giving. She made plans for the regular expenditure of much of her income. When she received her quarterly dividends, after providing for the current expenses of the home, which were small for a woman who had so ample an income, she at once set aside a large sum for the Seminary.

Though we have no complete record of these benefactions to the Seminary, we may get some idea of them from a little packet of papers containing memoranda of a part of her gifts during the years 1890–1894, as follows: —

Contributions to the library.

The Seminary Woods.

A brick cottage called the Retreat.

Fire-extinguishers for all the buildings

A fire-proof vault.

A windmill.

An engine-house for the laundry.

A check to the president of the New England Wheaton Club[1] to meet the expenses of the club's advertising.

[1] It should be said that at this time there were two flourishing clubs of Wheaton women, the New York Club, established in 1886 by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, a graduate of 1869, who

Having arranged for her family and for the Seminary, Mrs. Wheaton next appropriated a sum for the various institutions to which she contributed annually, and for the private friends who without her would have been destitute. Then a large sum was laid aside to meet the constant unforeseen calls coming to her from every direction. These calls were not always calls from "others." If she heard of illness in a family where there was not much money, that, in itself, constituted a call upon her. She felt that it was her place to help those who could not help themselves. She never shirked a responsibility. She was much too sagacious — shrewd, some would say — to fancy a responsibility where it did not exist, and there were those who came to her with unwise or unreasonable petitions for help who went away empty-handed. But she took all real responsibility, and construed the word "responsibility" very generously. For instance,

has been its president during most of its life, though now succeeded by Mrs. Sarah Foster Greene, of the Class of 1885, and the New England Club, founded in 1889, largely through the influence of Mrs. Estelle M. Hatch Merrill, of the Class of 1877, who was its first president, the office at present being held by Mrs. Anna Spear Stebbins. Lately, through the influence of Mrs. Ellen Grout Gould-Smith, a Worcester County Club has been formed, whose president is Mrs. Ellen Hill Fisher, Class of 1868. A fourth club has been established during the present year, the Connecticut Wheaton Club, President, Miss Belle J. Soudant of Collinsville, Conn.

an old friend of Mrs. Beane's daughters, through illness and insanity, became destitute. Mrs. Beane and her daughters were no longer living. Mrs. Wheaton heard of the destitution, and at once made arrangements for the lady to be well cared for in a hospital until her death, sending a personal representative to attend to the details of the funeral.

She had a strong sense of *individual* responsibility. Though she was liberal to the societies she approved of, she did not act much through societies. Therefore she had to bestow much time and thought on her gifts.

When she had set aside an ample sum for all the purposes mentioned, the remainder of the dividend was then carefully invested, so well invested usually that of her five talents other five often became available for her increasing charities.

Mrs. Wheaton was often asked for money loans. If she approved of the object for which the loan was needed, and if she had confidence in the character of the borrower, she almost always granted the request. But she would seldom take a note in such a case from a private individual. "If you ever are able to pay me, do so," was her formula. "If you are never able to pay me, perhaps you can some time give the money to the Seminary." Of course, with such views of money-lending, she was

free from anxiety about securities or interest, and her unwillingness to lend on real estate is accounted for, as she would have objected to a mortgage, and especially to the foreclosure of a mortgage. She would sometimes take a note from the church. Of course, in any financial difficulty in the church, she was the main dependence, and though she always gave generously to its support, she would have felt it wrong to take the full responsibility of it from others. So when money had to be borrowed, she would receive a note; but if the pressure continued, and she saw that it was bearing too heavily on those less able to meet it than herself, she would cancel the note.

No one will ever know all Mrs. Wheaton gave away, for no one ever observed more perfectly the principle of not letting her left hand know what her right hand did. The letters that have been received from the townspeople and the Wheaton women in connection with the preparation of this biography have been a revelation even to those who had before realized that she was a very generous woman. One old gentleman, who remembers her from childhood, writes: "She was a person who wished to be economical but not stingy, and liked to see other people the same. She was a person who helped the poor, and it was known only by the one helped and herself. (No vain show for her.) When she did

people a favor, if they showed that they felt thankful for it she was satisfied. She did not want it known all over town."

An old lady writes: "I am eighty years old and have always lived in Norton, and have known Mrs. Wheaton from childhood up. She did so many good things I hardly know what to write. She was always good to the poor, and would send them money to help along."

A teacher who had met with unavoidable misfortunes, speaks of "the sympathy, hospitality, and money that were never withheld." She says: "At a time of severe illness, she wrote my sisters, 'Spare nothing for S.'s comfort, and send the bill to me.' And so it has always been. Anything that I could add would only be a repetition."

One of the alumnæ writes: "I had not seen Mrs. Wheaton for some years, and I had no reason to suppose that she knew I had special needs owing to illness in the family, when one day I was surprised by receiving a check for twenty-five dollars from her. Her interest in those she had once known was never lost, and she managed to keep herself acquainted with their wants when they least suspected it."

A lady who had been a neighbor of Mrs. Wheaton as a little child writes: "I was not brought in close contact with her after I grew up. But I

know she was always kind and thoughtful of my mother, particularly when the boys were in school [and college]. More than once she helped substantially in providing for their wants." Yet when she gave this help, many years had elapsed since the family had been her neighbors. Her construction of the word "neighbor" was a large one.

Mrs. Wheaton had an old schoolmate who, like herself, lived to be very old, dying at the age of ninety-four. Having lost her children, it was due to Mrs. Wheaton that in her last years she was surrounded by the comforts and refinements required by one who had lived as a gentlewoman, including visits from time to time to the hospitable Wheaton Mansion. Happily, the old lady passed to another life a year before Mrs. Wheaton herself, so that she never had to miss the thoughtful and delicate kindness which had sustained her so long.

One grateful recipient of Mrs. Wheaton's kindness writes to her: "But for you I should now have no sister." Another says that if she herself should ever be in a position to help others, "it shall be done for your sake and in your name." And her niece, Mrs. Smith, says: "ALWAYS *she has shown the same kindness and generosity to her relatives, a great many of them,*" as to others, "*and they have always turned to her with the same free confidence.*"

It would be easy to multiply instances of her generosity, but perhaps enough have been given.

In a recent address to the New England Wheaton Club, Miss Frances Vose Emerson spoke of Mrs. Wheaton's manner of giving. She said: —

"While she felt that the Seminary had the first claim on her purse, her charity did not end there. There were public benevolences and private benevolences. All the great charities of the Congregational churches and others were generously remembered. Many a slender purse had a check dropped into it so quietly and so tactfully that the most sensitive feelings could not be hurt. I remember once hearing Mrs. Beane say, incidentally, 'You would be surprised to know for how many overcoats Mrs. Wheaton paid last Christmas.'

"Second, Mrs. Wheaton's benevolence was unique in its modesty. Even the gifts to the Seminary, the scholarships, etc., were to be spoken of only as 'given by a friend of the Seminary.' And in the 'Receipts' of the missionary magazines you would read, 'E. B. W., Norton, $1000.00.'

"Third, she was remarkable in feeling so absolutely as she did that she was only the steward of her property. Others give lavishly, but they generally live lavishly. Mrs. Wheaton's home was spacious, but very simple, and her manner of living, while she was supplied with every comfort, was

never luxurious. She seemed to feel that for her own use she was entitled only to the steward's salary."

Miss Mary E. Blair, in her paper read at the Wheaton Memorial meeting, emphasized this point. "I honored Mrs. Wheaton," she said, "for her high aims and the wisdom of her methods, and *for the economy in personal expenditure which is the counterpart of bounteous giving.*"

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, writing of Mrs. Wheaton as "An embodiment of the BEST New England ideals," says: —

"One of the most interesting and instructive of occupations for the philosophically inclined is the study of wealth distribution. . . . Some one has said that the way in which a man, rich or poor, spends his money gives the truest index to his character.

"To Mrs. Wheaton, there seems never to have been any question regarding the disposition of her property. As fortunes go in these days, it was not large. When she was in her prime, and in the place where she lived, it was immense. You or I might have thought of the many pleasures which we might, rightfully enough, have bought for ourselves with this money. She lived the simplest life possible in her position, and seems never to have considered for a moment that she could procure for

herself any luxuries with her ample income. Her fortune was a sacred trust, to be expended solely for the school and the town she loved, — and never was such a trust discharged with a more single-eyed devotion to duty. In all my intercourse with Mrs. Wheaton, I realized this intensely. When the calm, self-contained, typical New England woman feels a great passion, she says little of it. No noisy ardor shows in her speech or manner. You know it is there only by the unbending, never-varying course of the life. . . .

"Mrs. Wheaton longed from her early girlhood to do what she could to educate, refine, and uplift her sex. Wheaton Seminary was founded at her suggestion. It was the consistent purpose of her long life to make this Seminary strong and pure. It must turn out thorough scholars, but quite as surely, they must be Christian ladies. The pressure of her high and unchanging thought was felt by every teacher of the faculty. Through them it reached the girls. Even the densest must have responded to it.

"As they went on in school life, and were permitted to touch the absolute personality of Mrs. Wheaton, it penetrated their very souls. When the senior class reached the capstone of its social privileges, that dainty and elegant tea-party which for many years Mrs. Wheaton gave to each class

in succession, the final stamp was set upon their souls. The deathless desire must have been born within each one of them then, if never before, to grow into just such an unselfish, home-loving and home-keeping, thoughtful, high-minded, ever-progressive woman as Mrs. Wheaton evidently expected that she was going to be.

. . . . . .

"When a Wheaton woman won honors in teaching, in the missionary field (best-beloved of all), in literature, in art, or anywhere else, how she rejoiced! 'Remember, the honor of the Seminary rests with its alumnæ,' she has said more than once, — and the thought of her disinterested ambition for every Wheaton woman has spurred many of them to undertake tasks for which the courage would otherwise have been lacking. Never have I seen any one who so perfectly as Mrs. Wheaton embodied the highest and noblest distinctively New England traditions."

Though Mrs. Wheaton was not a millionaire, yet, with her large income and her small personal expenditures for forty years after her husband's death, she might easily have died a millionaire; whereas, when the end came, it proved that the sum she had to dispose of in her own will was hardly more than double her annual income. The inference as to the sum of her gifts is really startling!

It will be seen that her morning hours were very full, for her gifts and loans were unnumbered, and every one received careful consideration.

After the morning business was dispatched, she read the newspaper, and then went for a drive before dinner. It was a pleasant sight to see her driving about the village, always with a pair of fine, strong horses. She kept up the habit till within a fortnight of her death, though for some years previously she had become so feeble that the coachman needed help in putting her into her very easy carriage. Many of the schoolgirls would never have seen her at all but for these drives. Her carriage was one of the sights they liked to watch for.

After the early dinner, Mrs. Wheaton and Mrs. Beane usually settled themselves for a while to backgammon, the one game they both enjoyed. About three o'clock, Mrs. Wheaton went to her own room to rest until tea-time. The evenings were spent either with visitors, among whom were usually some of the Seminary teachers, or in the delightful old-fashioned recreation of reading aloud something that all the family enjoyed.

Mrs. Wheaton's taste in books was dominated by the human interest, and led her to choose chiefly biography (especially the lives of people she had known something about personally), or travels, books of adventure, like Nansen's "Farthest

North," for instance, or stories. She had genuine enjoyment in a sweet, good, wholesome story, and read the best of current fiction, though she did not show much interest in psychological novels. One of her great pleasures was buying a collection of new books for reading in the summer at the Shoals.

Probably most of her acquaintances will be somewhat surprised to know that Frank Stockton was a favorite with her, for she has not usually received quite the credit she deserved for a sense of humor.

Mrs. Wheaton's day terminated with a personal tour of the house to see that every window was fastened, or, if one must be left open, that it should not be so beyond a definite point. This practice she continued as long as her strength allowed.

There was little variation in the daily routine we have traced for many of Mrs. Wheaton's later years. The *spirit* of her home could hardly be better illustrated than by some extracts from a letter of one who served in her household for the last fourteen years of Mrs. Wheaton's life.

"My remembrances of her are all pleasant. When she first came to Norton, I was a child too young to know about her. I have heard old people in town, who have long since passed on, say that when she came to town she had great beauty, and was a lady. I was sometimes asked, when Miss

Tozer was called away, to go and sit with Mrs. Wheaton for an hour. I remember at one time, as we sat talking of many things in connection with the town, she said this: 'When I first came to Norton, as we drew near my future home, I thought, "Why did Mr. Wheaton build a house in such a place as this?" It was nothing but a swamp. . . . But now I like to sit at my window, and see what has been done for the public good.' . . . She was a very good old lady and made every one who came into her presence happy, and was always doing something to make her household comfortable. I shall ever think of my stay in Mrs. Wheaton's house as of a pleasant spot in life."

Can we realize what Norton must have been when the Wheaton Mansion was surrounded by a swamp instead of its gardens, when not one of the group of Seminary buildings had even been thought of, when the noble trees that shade its spacious grounds had not been planted, when the pretty little church, dear to the Wheatons, was unbuilt, when there was no public library and no high school in the village? Yet this was the Norton that Mrs. Wheaton saw when she was a bride of twenty. That she looked out at ninety on a scene so full of beautiful refined life was very largely due to her own unselfish activity through all those many years.

The modest young girl perhaps felt some awe of the rich and distinguished father-in-law to whom she was presented in 1829, yet it was due to her own suggestion that his name has been carried all over the world!

Mrs. Smith writes: "These vivid interests, these wide outlooks, made her young. In the spring of 1889, my husband and I made her a long and delightful visit. It seemed to us both that we had never seen anything so beautiful and wonderful. She was almost eighty, yet she was like a young girl. That eager interest in the welfare of all about her, that activity as of the prime of life, the elastic step as that of youth, the upright form and expressive countenance, full of goodness and beauty,— so long as I can remember anything I shall remember these, and the dear gracious, pervading presence that seemed to make the very house alive, the walls to speak of her, so that even after her death one could almost feel the spirit within the rooms.

"Thirteen years later we were there again, but there was a change. There was a little, delicate old lady, so frail that it seemed a light wind might blow her away. The beauty of the loving spirit was still there, but the energy and vitality were gone. Slowly and gently like a snow wreath she was fading away."

CHAPTER XIII

MISS STANTON'S REMINISCENCES, INCLUDING A PAPER BY MRS. WHEATON HERSELF

The two friends, outside her own family, who stood nearest to Mrs. Wheaton in her old age were Miss Stanton and Miss Pike. These friends visited her almost every day, and told her all the little news of the Seminary. Miss Stanton says that Mrs. Wheaton showed remarkable delicacy in these interviews. She never quizzed, though she was interested in every detail. She was careful *never* to interfere in any way whatever with the management of the school. When a principal had once been appointed, she felt that that principal was *always* to be sustained. She wished the principal to take the full responsibility belonging to her, and the trustees to take the full responsibility belonging to them. It is true she watched them with a keen eye, yet she never *interfered*. She would not, for example, give Miss Stanton any advice on the subject of making women members of the Board of Trustees. Even when she was planning some large benefaction to the school, she was careful not to dictate in any way how it should be used. "*I*

should *like* to do so and so, if it is agreeable," was her usual formula when she proposed to introduce modern heating or lighting apparatus, or to add to the library or art department, or to buy a telescope, or to furnish the laboratory with compound microscopes. She never wished Miss Stanton to say to the trustees, "Mrs. Wheaton would like," etc. Both her great reserve and her dignity of character are shown by the fact that she never said anything to Miss Stanton in these intimate daily conferences about the Seminary that she would not have said before the whole Board of Trustees.

It was a heavy trial to Mrs. Wheaton when Miss Stanton decided, in 1897, to retire from teaching. Mrs. Wheaton was then eighty-eight years old, and she had hoped to have Miss Stanton by her side to the end. After that she yielded more and more to old age.

At the Memorial meeting of the New England Wheaton Club, in 1906, Miss Stanton read a paper of reminiscences, which is here given in full with the exception of a few introductory words of greeting to her own old pupils.

PAPER BY MISS A. ELLEN STANTON

Those were very happy years, and they have left many "beautiful pictures hanging on memory's wall." Standing out in relief are my pleasant rela-

tions with Mrs. Wheaton, whose friendship I highly prized. It was her pleasure to listen to, and mine to relate to her, the little daily happenings in the home life at the Seminary. Seldom a day passed that I did not visit her; and many a time, as I entered the box-bordered walk that led to her front door, has that door opened before I reached it, and there would Mrs. Wheaton be standing with her smiling welcome. She never tired of hearing about the Seminary, or of talking over plans for its welfare, for it was the centre of her most cherished hopes — it was her idol, if so good a woman could have an idol: at least, it was her child, the Minerva that sprang from her active brain, and it was very dear to her heart.

Mrs. Wheaton's was a symmetrically developed and therefore a well-balanced character, with that calm and serene temper that naturally resulted from it. I never heard her speak a fretful word. Her ideas were clearly cut and concisely expressed. I remember accompanying her once on a business and shopping tour when she was over eighty. She visited banks and brokers' offices, where she seemed as much at ease as in her own parlor. Her business was promptly and definitely stated, and no one's precious time was wasted. She was always treated with respectful deference. In shopping she knew exactly what she wanted, and concisely informed

the salesman in attendance. If the article was not to be found in his department, and he attempted to bring something else to her notice, as in his opinion more desirable, she wasted no words, but with a dignified and courteous bow left him with his unaccepted remark on his hands.

If one may speak of "salient points" in a symmetrical character, I should say that system, order, and promptness were prominent. If she had an appointment with any one, she was sure to be on the spot at least ten minutes, if not half an hour before the time, and as long as she was able to attend public worship, she was one of the first to enter the church on a Sunday morning.

As she advanced in years, social functions became burdensome to her. The last time I remember her being present on such an occasion was at the celebration of her eightieth birthday in the Seminary drawing-room. The 27th of September has ever since been observed as a holiday by the school. The drawing-room presented a gay appearance in its brilliant decorations of autumn leaves. Mrs. Wheaton received the pupils as she sat in a large easy chair, and, as one by one they were presented to her, each laid a beautiful rose on the table beside her. It was a pretty picture — the woman of fourscore with her smiling face, surrounded by the young girls and the roses.

For many years, Mrs. Wheaton spent her summers at the Isles of Shoals. I remember one winter and spring she had not been as well as usual, and as the time drew near for her to leave home, she decided that she was too feeble to bear the fatigue of the long journey. Her friends felt a little anxious, as the air at the Shoals had been especially invigorating to her, and had generally acted as a tonic for the rest of the year. As the season advanced, she was induced to reconsider her decision. It was a hot, sultry day in July when she started in a wheel chair for the Norton station. She rested a few hours in Boston before taking the train for Portsmouth. She was greatly fatigued on her arrival there, but the boat-ride of an hour to the Islands seemed to revive her. A wheel chair awaited her at the wharf, and she was then taken over the bridge up the long walk, bordered on either side by scarlet poppies, to the hotel, where strong arms carried her up the long flight of stairs to her room. The windows were wide open, and she seated herself in a big rocking-chair to inhale the cool sea breezes. Presently she exclaimed, "Is not this air perfectly delicious!" From this time forth, her improvement was rapid. Her supper and breakfast were sent up to her room, but after this she was able, and preferred, to take her meals in the dining-hall; and in less than a

week she walked down to the wharf and back again.

Her life during those happy summers was as systematic and orderly as it was in her Norton home, and one day was nearly the facsimile of the others. Breakfast between eight and nine — a stroll upon the piazza where, seated in a rocking-chair, she would watch the incoming boat that brought the morning's mail. She would then retire to her room, where she busied herself in reading, writing, or dictating letters — for she had a large correspondence. At eleven o'clock she appeared ready for a climb over the rocks, equipped in cloak, hat, and gloves,[1] with an umbrella in her hand, a shawl over her arm, and with the last copy of the "Outlook" or "Congregationalist" for reading.

Her favorite walk was along the piazza, and up a footpath to the little stone church — down to the turnstile into a rocky field, dotted here and there with pimpernel, where the song sparrow's note was as much clearer as the poppies were brighter than on the mainland. Then came a rise in the ground to Captain John Smith's monu-

[1] Mrs. Wheaton always wore gloves when going out, even at the Shoals, and she preferred to have others do the same. She was conventional in her habits, and never allowed any familiarities.

ment — then over the rocks — past the little burying-ground, up, up, to a fissure in the rocks, which formed a comfortable seat high above "Miss Underhill's Chair," and which she was pleased to call "The Reading Rock." Here she spread her shawl, opened her umbrella, which had served her as a cane, and seated herself to enjoy the splendid view of the ocean, and listen to the reading.

She liked to return to her room in season for a little rest before dinner, and the signal for departure was a little speck far out on the horizon which announced the approach of the noon boat. Dinner at one, after which she stopped at the office to receive her mail.

I remember one day, as she slowly climbed the long flight of stairs leading to her room, she paused to rest on the first landing near the top, and remarked: "There is one disease for which there is no cure — old age."

Again in her room, she listened to the reading of the daily news from the "Advertiser," and she was always particularly interested in the fluctuation of stocks. Then, perhaps, a little more reading from some interesting book she would have at hand. Then she was ready for two or three games of backgammon. These she conducted in the same orderly and systematic way that characterized everything she did. Never a picket did she send

out to capture some venturesome enemy, but she marched her men in solid lines round the board, only disturbing the enemy when he was an obstacle to her onward progress. I think she always liked her partner to conduct her campaign in the same way.

Then she retired for a long afternoon rest and nap. At five she dressed for supper. Her toilet was always immaculate, and she looked much refreshed. There was usually a pink flush on her cheeks which might have been coveted by a young girl. After supper, she went to her favorite corner in the long parlor, where she received her friends and acquaintances who came to inquire for her health. At eight she returned to her room, and soon after retired for the night.

Occasionally, this daily routine was varied by a trip in the little steamer Pinafore, that plied between "Star" and "Appledore" every half hour, and twice a day made the entire tour of the islands. Or, in the evening, she would attend some lecture, reading, or other entertainment in the Music Hall.

Mrs. Wheaton was a quick and keen observer of the little details of life around her; nothing escaped her notice.

Mrs. Charles has said: "One never sees what Time is doing — only what he has done." But here at the Shoals we could see what Time was

doing for Mrs. Wheaton. From year to year he shortened her walks — from the "Reading Rock" to Captain John Smith's Monument, and then to the rocky field — to the turnstile and the little stone church — to the end of the piazza, until they ceased altogether. There was a pathos in her inquiry whether any one had been to the "Reading Rock" that day. For she always advised others to visit it when she could no longer go there herself.

When the summer was over, one could be quite sure she would leave for home a day or two sooner than the date decided upon.

But time is passing, and I must not linger in these reminiscences. I will speak of but one other, "The Fagot Party." In one of my calls I incidentally mentioned that the Class of '91 was to give a Fagot Party. Mrs. Wheaton inquired what that might be. It was explained that we were to have a fire in the drawing-room, and each young lady who took part was to lay a fagot on the fire, and while it was burning, she was to entertain the assembled company with music, recitation, reading, or in whatever way she chose. Mrs. Wheaton immediately said, "I will supply the fagots — I am having some old apple trees cut down that were planted when I first came here — they are dead now. Would it not be a good idea

for one of the girls, while her fagot is burning, to give a little sketch relating to the Seminary?" A few days after, when I called, she handed me this manuscript — composed by herself, and written by her own hand, in her eighty-second year, for this Fagot Party: —

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN APPLE TREE

In the autumn of 1828, — sixty-two years ago, — when young Mr. Wheaton was laying the foundation for what is now called the "Wheaton Mansion," I was brought from Cumberland, R. I., on a load of fruit trees, — apple, pear, peach, and quince. As the trees were unloaded, it seemed to be a matter of some importance where I should be placed, and my near companions. I was labelled "Early Sweet," and the one next me "Maiden Blush." It was decided we should be within sight of the house. An orchard in those days was essential to good living, for there were no fruit carts. The early and later fruits, with the sweet cider in the casks and nice straws for the young people to use in drinking the juice, together with the making of a winter's store of apple-sauce in a brass kettle hung on a crane in a large open fireplace, — all had an interest in the family where there was a fine orchard.

It took a few years for us to amount to much in

the way of shade or fruitage. In the autumn of 1834, our master and mistress seemed very busy in outside matters, and the following spring found young maidens visiting the grounds. It was the opening of Wheaton Seminary. Our two trees seemed to be those of special attraction to the young people for the fruit we bore. But after a lapse of years we were sought for the shade we gave, and a seat was placed under our boughs, and many were the chats held there, mostly by the young maidens, but also by some grave teachers; and I can recall even ex-Principals, who were having overtures to leave the halls of Wheaton and go with the suitor to make a home with him either in New England or in foreign lands, — and after a time these ladies ceased to come to our shades. They had been captured, and taken away.

But new attractions were presented, and, directly, about us was made a croquet ground, and many a group of youth resorted there for games. When weary of play, they would come to the seat and chat, as young girls do. After a time the playground seemed deserted for some new play, and we were left more to ourselves, and a conviction crept over us that we were not so attractive as in former years. Even our mistress would come and look at us with an anxious eye. We knew there was invisible trouble, but we could not tell her

what it was. She ordered one thing and then another, but all failed to arrest decay. The *borers* were doing their deadly work, and so we became unsightly and unfruitful, and our mistress gave the order for our removal. And we have just been uprooted, — but she has given us the promise that we shall be *cremated*, and that the Class of '91 shall be requested to sprinkle our ashes about the apple trees on "Observatory Walk," that we may still live to cheer the Wheaton girls.

CHAPTER XIV

A CRISIS

During the last decade of the nineteenth century, great changes were taking place in the education of girls all over the world, which had to be reckoned with by every school in the land. The half-dozen years following 1894, when the Harvard Annex became Radcliffe College, and the President of Harvard University first signed the diplomas of its graduates, were probably the most strenuous years ever known in the history of every high-class school for girls in the United States. Every teacher in those schools at that time will acknowledge this, but the general public knew little about what was going on. A short explanation of the causes and effects of this crisis may not be out of place here.

Though admirably equipped colleges for women had already existed for more than thirty years, yet there had been a lurking doubt in most minds as to whether they really stood for a culture comparable to that of colleges for men. The girls who had hitherto been attracted to colleges were a picked class in a different sense from that in which college

boys are a picked class, — they were highly intellectual girls. The colleges had already had a very appreciable effect on high-class boarding-schools, for the daughters of the mothers who in the middle of the nineteenth century had thronged these boarding-schools were often exactly those who grasped most eagerly the new opportunities for college training. High schools had sprung up everywhere in which preparation for college could be made without leaving home, and the very culture the mothers themselves had gained at the boarding-schools had so refined the home life all over the country that one of the strong incentives to send the daughters to the same boarding-schools had been lost. Still, a college course for girls had by no means become the fashion, even in the case of highly endowed girls. It was questioned whether it left them quite as feminine as they ought to be, and in the same breath we were told that, after all, the college courses open to girls were only feminine reflections of masculine realities.

But when President Eliot countersigned the first Radcliffe diploma, all this was changed in the twinkling of an eye. The world at large did not observe the change, but every high-class girls' school in the country felt the shock within a year, though probably not all noticed the connection between the action at Harvard and the subsequent

ferment. The actual culture within the reach of girls was perhaps not greatly increased by the new arrangement, yet, when Harvard set its seal on that culture, it seemed to most people as if the goal had been reached at last, and that girls were no longer shut out from the highest education in the land. Then it became the fashion for girls to go to college.

It was not to Radcliffe alone, or chiefly, that the girls turned their faces, but to every other college in the land whose doors were open to women. All the girls whose brothers went to college began to demand a college course for themselves, whether they had any special love for study or not.

Up to this time, very few of the best girls' schools had given much attention to the technicalities of college preparation. The girls who went to college usually fitted either in the large high schools, or in some specialized fitting-school situated in a college town. Occasionally, some gifted girl went from a seminary to college, but such a girl usually took the matter of fitting herself largely into her own hands, and entered college in triumph.

Now, suddenly, all these schools were asked to fit girls for Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Radcliffe, etc., and they found they had no equipment for the purpose. To the uninitiated, it seemed as

though nothing was needed but to add a chair of Greek. But this was soon seen to be quite inadequate. That a girl was a good Latin scholar, or an exceptional mathematician, was no guarantee that she would pass her college examinations, if she had not been previously drilled on the examination papers of the particular college to which she was to be sent. A girl who had learned French in Paris would sometimes pass her "Advanced French" paper, and fail in "Preliminary French." A girl who had lived in a library, and who had heard nothing but the best of English all her life, would be conditioned in English in her entrance examinations, and maintain an *A* standing all through her subsequent course. Of a class of equally thorough students in Algebra, all the Radcliffe candidates would pass triumphantly, and all the Bryn Mawr candidates would fail ignominiously, or *vice versa*, according to the special text-book used, for this was before the present plan of intercollegiate coöperation was worked out.

The fathers and mothers of the brilliant girls that failed naturally felt that the school they had hitherto upheld was a superficial institution, and the teachers were full of consternation. No leading school could venture to say, "We do not fit for college," because that was sure to be interpreted as a confession of inferiority. On the other hand, to

rearrange a school so that it could guarantee its pupils entrance to all the colleges, meant a complete readjustment not only of all its methods, but of some of its aims. For whatever may be the opinion of the laity, it is not true that the education that leads up to successful entrance examinations is the best possible education. Thousands of teachers have had occasion to echo the words of the distinguished head of a great fitting-school for boys: "I am not educating my boys. I am preparing them for college."

Nevertheless, after 1894, few girls' schools could even maintain their existence without a college preparatory department. In all the best girls' schools, when the crisis came, there was a strong feeling that while there was reason for rejoicing in the fact that the girls were going to college, yet, in order to fit them to go there, much of the best work of the school would have to be sacrificed to mere drill. The teachers said little about it, and set themselves heroically to adapt themselves to the new conditions, but their hearts sank within them.

At this juncture many schools failed altogether, others became mere fitting-schools. Some introduced a college preparatory department for the few, and supplemented it by showy and superficial finishing courses for the many. But none of these

plans could be even considered for a school of the grade of Wheaton Seminary, which was one of the small group of schools for girls that had been the distinct forerunner of the colleges, a seminary where for many years courses in literature, the languages, history, mathematics, chemistry, botany, biology, geology, astronomy, art, and music, on a level with many college courses in those same subjects, had been maintained.

To Mrs. Wheaton, in her extreme age, it was a very bitter suggestion that great changes must be made in the Seminary merely that its pupils might be fitted to go elsewhere, when the aim of the school had always been to give the most thorough and complete fitting for life, and no pains or expense had been spared to keep it in touch with modern progress. Yet the sacrifice had to be made, and few incidents in Mrs. Wheaton's life show her largeness of mind so well as her way of meeting this problem.

One solution of it proposed was that Wheaton Seminary should be transformed into a small college. But, with the splendidly endowed colleges for women already established in New England, there seemed less need of a small college than of a school on the lines along which Wheaton has always progressed, a school where there should be an opportunity for quite young girls to be placed,

at the most impressionable age, under the personal care of wise and cultivated women, whose interest in the development of a noble and beautiful character and sweet and gracious manners is as great as in scientific research or literary art, but where all the culture should be sound, and where a much broader and deeper intellectual education should be given than that furnished by even the best high schools. Many girls need such a school as this whether they finally go to college or not; but a dozen years ago, it looked as if the colleges and high schools together would crowd out all the boarding-schools, — not only those that were superficial, but the best ones, — with the fine, careful training which was given silently in their home life by a class of women who have had few equals in character or in mental power.

It seemed to the guardians of Wheaton Seminary, at this period, that even if that institution were to become a college in the end, the change should be evolutionary rather than revolutionary, that the wisest course was to enlarge and strengthen the foundations, and as one story after another was added to the structure, to see that each was solidly built.

To save the old ideals, while reaching out towards the new ones, made such a demand for expansion upon the school that large sums of

money were immediately needed. Though the number of pupils was ebbing in every seminary in the land, it was everywhere necessary to increase largely the staff of teachers because so many parallel courses of study must be provided, all requiring highly-trained instructors. Under the strain, many a modest but excellent school went to pieces, and Wheaton Seminary itself, with all its long and honorable history, felt the danger. If Mrs. Wheaton had regarded herself as too old or feeble to look the matter fairly in the face, it is not unlikely that the school must have deteriorated permanently.

Mrs. Wheaton had silently felt the danger for ten years before it became acute. In the eighties, she had talked of it with some of her relatives, realizing that the demands made upon her own private purse might be so great that she would have little left to give to the friends most dear to her of that large property which her own ability as a financier and her personal economies had been the means of accumulating, and which was distinctly her own, aside from her inheritance from the Wheatons. But she felt that she was holding all her property *in trust*. Then she not only felt that it was her place to see that the beneficent influence of the Seminary was not curtailed in any way, but "she felt the piteousness of the fact that the Semi-

nary was the only living child of Judge Wheaton's branch of the Wheaton family." (Mrs. Smith's paper.)

She was almost ninety years old when the crisis came at last. At a time when she was ready to say her "Nunc dimittis," feeling that her work in life was done, — and we know how well it had been done, — the immediate danger to the school was suddenly brought home to her. It was one of the bitterest hours of her life. But she did not flinch from her new and difficult task. She sacrificed at once almost half of her private property to put the Seminary on a surer footing. As to the internal management of the school, we know that she had never interfered, but she entered into all the new plans of the trustees and faculty with the greatest interest. Mr. Edwin Barrows of Providence, who has served on the Board of Trustees of Wheaton Seminary longer than any other member, writes of this time, after mentioning Mrs. Wheaton's "wisdom, prudence, generosity, and unusual business capacity," as follows: "A signal example of her courage and wise foresight was given in 1897. When the trustees of Wheaton Seminary were searching for a competent lady to place at the head of our school as principal, Mrs. Wheaton came to our assistance with the suggestion that we select a *man* for the place, and more than that, she named

the person she thought best fitted to be our leader. The trustees adopted her plan, and Rev. Samuel V. Cole, D. D., was elected President of the Seminary. His administration, during the ten years he has been our leader, has abundantly demonstrated the wisdom of the choice."

Dr. Cole had been previously settled in Taunton, Mass., and was already a member of the Board of Trustees.

In view of the freedom of life for women opening at this time throughout the world, bringing them into contact with men in entirely new directions, it was thought well during the nineties to accord women a place among the trustees, by electing to the Board two of the alumnæ who had been successful teachers in this school and elsewhere: Mrs. Annes A. Lincoln (Jeannie E. Woodbury) of Wollaston (Class of 1866), and Miss Annie M. Kilham of Beverly (Class of 1870). Recently a third woman has been added to the Board, the well-known author and lecturer, Mrs. Kate Upson Clark of New York (Class of 1869).

The curriculum was much enlarged about this time. Not only was a college preparatory department added, but entrance to the four years' Seminary course was now based upon two years of work, corresponding to that done in the first two years in the high school, thus making the full course one of

six years, and carrying the pupils fully two years beyond the boundaries of a high-school course, while a large number of elective alternates was offered. Six years of Latin, five of French, five of German, and three of Greek were given in contrast to the meagre course of Latin and French of the early days. Five years of mathematics, not including arithmetic, had now taken the place of arithmetic and Euclid, which was the limit of mathematics in Miss Lyon's prospectus. Six years of natural science, five of history, and three of psychology, etc., were arranged for. Six courses of literature and seven of Bible study were offered, while the high standards already prevailing in music and art were sustained.

With the money so generously furnished by Mrs. Wheaton, several new buildings were at once erected. Chapin Hall, dedicated March 7, 1901, is a residence hall with modern equipments. The boarding-houses of seventy years ago were as attractive as the homes of many of the girls who were then pupils, but constant improvements have been necessary to adapt them to the wants of the girls brought up in twentieth-century homes.

A large and perfectly equipped gymnasium was added in 1903, the architect's plans being supervised by Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard, who made suggestions in regard to it, and gave the address

at the formal opening of the building. The gymnasium not only contains a clear floor space of 42 × 80 feet, but a stage with dressing-rooms, a dozen piano practice rooms with deadened walls, a running-track, a promenade, a fencing-room, a swimming-tank, etc.

Both these buildings are in Colonial style, of red brick, with trimmings of white marble. They form part of "a comprehensive plan for future development," contemplating "the erection of a number of buildings for the various purposes of the school around a central 'Court of Honor.'" (Wheaton Seminary Circular, 1907.) In 1905, a powerhouse and laundry of red brick was erected, from which heat and light are distributed to all the buildings. A new dining-hall is now in process of building, and will probably be completed by January 1, 1908, while it is expected that another dormitory will be added the following year, the present accommodations being far too limited, in view of the number of applications for admission to the school.

These additional buildings will make the number belonging to the Seminary group *thirteen*, in place of the one modest schoolhouse in which Miss Caldwell began her work. The bare grounds of the early days have expanded into beautiful lawns, shaded by noble elms, and leading through pleas-

ant fields to the lovely Seminary woods. The grounds are supplied with tennis courts, basket-ball standards, and other equipments for out-of-door sports, the hockey field being one of the finest in the country. Great pains are taken to foster the physical development of the students.

Under Dr. Cole's able management the school has prospered abundantly, both as to numbers and efficiency, and it is now one of the best-equipped as well as one of the best-endowed girls' schools in the country. Its intellectual standards are so high that it is often said that it is more like a college than most schools that are not colleges. The average age of the girls is constantly increasing, the advanced classes attracting more pupils than the lower ones, in which the work is equivalent to that of the high schools. This is one of the causes that makes it possible to give the students more freedom than would have been wise when the number of very young girls in the school was larger. In this respect, too, the Seminary resembles a college.

It is gratifying to know that the crisis in the life of Wheaton Seminary was safely passed, and that it was placed on a secure foundation while Mrs. Wheaton was still living to see the result of her generosity and her sacrifices. In this one school have been reflected all the varying phases of that

great movement for the higher education of women which is one of the finest fruits of the nineteenth century. Beginning in the United States, in the establishment of endowed schools for girls about the time Wheaton was founded, it may be considered to have terminated in this country when the best universities had thrown open their doors to women.

In all the changes in schools for girls during this period, Mrs. Wheaton has taken a worthy part, standing always ready to further every change that would develop the mind, and especially the character of the girls, at whatever cost to herself.

This educational movement has spread into the most conservative countries in Europe, and is now taking such shape in Asia that, to many, the dawn of a new day in the Orient seems at hand. Wheaton girls who have gone as missionaries to Turkey, China, Persia, and India have borne a noble part in this work.

To this great movement, from beginning to end, Mrs. Wheaton's secluded life belongs.

In China, the Hartwells, mother and daughter, both alumnæ of Wheaton, have carried on a noble missionary work for many years. In India, Mary Sanford (Class of 1865) is the wife of Rev. Richard Winsor, on whom King Edward conferred one of the rarest orders in his gift for transforming one of the famine districts of the country into a garden that supports

thousands of natives, by the introduction of new plants suited to the conditions of the region, and she herself carried out a shipload of supplies from America to the sufferers during one of the great famines that occurred some years ago. Similar stories might be told of many other missionaries. — Ed.

CHAPTER XV

EXTREME AGE

Mrs. Wheaton not only loved the Seminary girls, but she loved them as individuals, though this was perhaps not generally understood by the later generations of girls; she was so upright, so dignified, and so reserved that most of the girls stood in awe of her. Some of them never spoke to her all through their course at the Seminary till the final Senior Tea-party. And they often went to this party in some trepidation, fearing they might spill something on the tablecloth, or say something silly.

Mrs. Wheaton received them very sweetly, and they felt that. And they enjoyed the stroll through the garden, and the beautiful flowers she always gave them; but, probably, most of them would have been astonished to know how tenderly and affectionately she thought of each one of them. And yet, years afterwards, when they might have thought she had had time to forget all about them, in some crisis of their lives, help would suddenly come from her, effectual help, and as a complete

surprise. Then they began to understand her real feeling.

Miss Susan Hayes Ward writes on this subject: "My most vivid impression of [Mrs. Wheaton] was of the tenacious memory which kept in mind old scholars whom she had not seen for nearly fifty years. I asked her of this or that girl, and she would say: 'Wait a minute,' or 'Let me think a moment,' and then, after a short pause, she would tell me one and another matter of interest concerning the person in question. . . . How steady and strong her interest was in everything and every individual connected with the Seminary!"

Miss Frances Vose Emerson says: "I used often to be surprised when I went back [to Norton] to find her inquiring for girls whom I supposed she did not know at all."

Perhaps the girls felt her love, though they were not always conscious of it, for even the most timid among them remember the June tea-party as something exquisite and poetical.

The last of these parties was given in 1898. Mrs. Wheaton had now become so frail that the occasion was a great tax upon her. Still she was unwilling to give up the custom. The effort proved too much for her, however. Miss Pike, coming in the next morning to inquire for her health, found her so exhausted as to be really ill. Realizing Mrs.

Wheaton's age as she had never done before, Miss Pike threw her arms around her old friend, and exclaimed, "Oh, what shall we do when we lose you?" Mrs. Wheaton replied softly, "If I might, I would be your guardian angel."

In June of the following year, Mrs. Beane was dying, and the custom of the tea-party having been once set aside, it seemed best that it should not be renewed. After this, the schoolgirls still had one glimpse of Mrs. Wheaton. When they were ready, in their graduation dresses, to go to church on the final Anniversary Day, they went together to take leave of Mrs. Wheaton, who still knew all about them, and loved each one, though they knew very little about her. She received them with the radiant smile so characteristic of her, spoke affectionately to them, one by one, and gave to each beautiful flowers from her garden. The little ceremony was like a benediction.

In the summer of 1898, Mrs. Wheaton made an unusual change in her plans. The Spanish war had so jarred her nerves that she dreaded to go to the Isles of Shoals. She seemed to have an actual fear of being near Portsmouth while the Spanish prisoners were there. She accordingly decided to spend the summer at Princeton, Mass., where she could have the beautiful views and fine air of Mount Wachusett. The following year, she

returned to the Shoals as usual, and, except in 1903, when prevented by the grip, she continued to spend her summers there as long as she lived. She was making plans for another visit when her death occurred in 1905.

Mrs. Beane was, of course, with her at Princeton. Mrs. Emerson and her daughter Frances joined the party there. The three old ladies who had been dear friends and co-workers sixty years before were once more brought intimately together in a friendship so warm that all the years had not been able to chill it. Miss Emerson wrote at this time: "The years are telling on them, but it is wonderful to see how well they are."

During this summer, Mrs. Wheaton was deeply interested in Charles M. Sheldon's little book, "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" This was the question she had always asked herself in every undertaking. She liked the book so much that she bought many copies of it to give away.

She returned to Norton in time for her eighty-ninth birthday, and this she celebrated by making a call on her old friend, Mrs. Carpenter. Mrs. Wheaton had long ago given up making calls herself, thinking that her age excused her from the exertion, but Mrs. Carpenter, who lived to be 100, was at this time 98, so that it was fitting that Mrs. Wheaton should defer to her. "It is a long

time," Mrs. Wheaton said, gleefully, "since I have had the opportunity to visit anybody *nine years my senior!*"

On June 25, 1899, Mrs. Wheaton was called upon to part with the friend of sixty years, Mrs. Beane, who passed away in her eighty-sixth year. "And a great void is made by her death," Mrs. Wheaton wrote to a friend. Mrs. Beane's illness, originating in a fall, was long and distressing. She was confined to her room for many months.

Immediately after Mrs. Beane's death, Mrs. Wheaton went to the Isles of Shoals, as usual, for the summer, accompanied by Miss Tozer. She wrote to me from there on July 11: "The air is invigorating, but it fails to give me the strength that I formerly had when here, though I hope that will come after a time. My strength was heavily drawn upon by the solicitude I had for Mrs. Beane, and the many cares. She would often say: 'Pray the dear Father to take me home.'"

In the same letter she writes: "I have the misfortune of having my sight impaired, one eye almost blind, the other very blurry, but I have had the use of them for a great while: I shall be ninety years old in September. Excuse my egotism."

Miss Tozer says that in the thirteen years of her life with Mrs. Wheaton, she never saw her break down but once, and that was at the suggestion of

blindness. It was not the thought of blindness in itself that overwhelmed her, but the fear that she might need a guardian. Happily, the danger was averted, and, though her sight was dim, and she could not read and write, she never became blind.

Her hearing also began to fail, though she never became so deaf as to make it difficult for others to talk with her. One of the common, but exquisite pleasures remembered by all Wheaton women is the singing of the birds in the fine trees about the Wheaton Mansion and in the Seminary grounds. All the Wheaton girls "named every bird without a gun." And Mrs. Wheaton herself knew and loved every song. To Miss Pike, the teacher of ornithology, she said sadly, as spring came, "I cannot hear the birds. I shall never hear them again." Only one who has loved the birds and lost the power of hearing them can understand what a *silent* springtime means. But the next morning, when, as usual, Miss Pike looked in for a little daily chat, Mrs. Wheaton met her with one of her brightest smiles, and her first words were that the red-winged starlings had come, and that she had *heard them singing*. The peculiar reedy *Quonk-a-ree* of the starling had set her dull ear vibrating, when the notes of the robin, the bluebird, the song-sparrow, and the meadowlark were powerless.

She was as happy as a child over the recovered pleasure.

One of the common failings of old age is a growing tendency to penuriousness. That Mrs. Wheaton was entirely free from this tendency will be seen from a letter of hers to one of the alumnæ, who says: "I have unfortunately lost the original letter, but it was very short, and to the purpose, as usual, and I can give it nearly verbatim: —

"My dear Miss ———, — I have just passed my ninetieth birthday, and I feel that what I have still to do in this world I must do quickly. I hope, therefore, that you will do me the favor to accept the enclosed check with my love.

"Hoping that the summer has brought strength both to you and to your mother,

"I am affectionately your friend,

"E. B. Wheaton.

"The check was for five hundred dollars! It was as simply and sweetly given, a friend said, as if she had offered me a rose. Please remember that I had not seen Mrs. Wheaton for six years, and had never told her of the circumstances that made her letter a real godsend."

Mrs. Wheaton used to say sometimes that though she had no children of her own, she had a very large family. In fact, she looked upon all

Wheaton girls as her daughters. For the sake of these daughters, she consented, in her ninety-fifth year, to sit for her portrait to Mr. John W. Alexander of New York.

This portrait was exhibited in New York, and the critics gave it the highest praise, calling it "delightful," and "a veritable poem of the beauty of old age." Mr. Alexander himself speaks, in one of his letters to Mrs. Lincoln, of his gratification at having succeeded with the portrait of so "sweet and dear an old lady as Mrs. Wheaton."

The portrait was given to the Seminary, and at its unveiling there was a large assembly of the alumnæ, but Mrs. Wheaton was too feeble to cross the street from her own home to meet them. It was characteristic of her that she begged that the portrait should not be given the chief place of honor in the drawing-room. "Do nothing to make my portrait more conspicuous than that of Father Wheaton," she said. She looked upon Judge Wheaton as the founder of the school, though hers had been the suggestion that set him thinking about it, and, as the years went by, her gifts had far exceeded his. Of her attitude of mind, Miss Pike writes: "Those names, 'Father' and 'Mother' Wheaton, were always spoken with a reverent and affectionate emphasis. I think one of the fears overshadowing her later years was that her

name should be more prominent than that of 'Father Wheaton.'"

At the beginning of the exercises at the unveiling of the portrait, it was concealed by festoons of asparagus vines and apple blossoms, the "fragrant covering" being at last drawn aside by Nancy Adams and Rachel Little, two young girls, the daughter and granddaughter of Wheaton students.

The following poem by President Cole was read on this occasion: —

At last, with all its silent grace,
  Amid the blossoms of the May
  There breaks upon our eyes to-day
This vision of a lady's face.

You know her? Ay, you need not tell,
  A thousand daughters in the land
  Have known the welcome of that hand
And felt its pressure of farewell.

What benedictions in her gaze,
  What memories hover about her chair,
  As, sitting in the sunset there,
She wears the crown of well-spent days.

O, little birds that come to bless
  Our woodlands, round her doorway sing;
  Beneath her windows, flowers of spring,
Lift up to her your loveliness.

For she, in many a heart of need,
  Hath put a song in place of tears,

And scattered down these golden years
The flowers of many a kindly deed.

So, like a seed upon the ground,
There fell a thought once from her heart;
If you would know how large a part
That thought has stood for, look around!

For one who loved her planted it;
One cherished it for what might be;
She watched the seed become the Tree,
Beneath whose grateful shade we sit.

A thousand daughters did I say?
Ah, as I see the lengthening line
Far down the future's pathway shine,
And pass, and still not pass away,

I cannot count them! Come and go
They will forever; grove and hall
And each familiar scene they all
Will cherish; and the Tree will grow.

But when in some remoter hour,
Strangers behold how great the task
Accomplished, and are moved to ask,
Whence came the impulse and the power.

Then silently, within this place
Of such beginnings, there will rise
For answer to their wondering eyes
The vision of this lady's face.

Mrs. Annes A. Lincoln and Miss Pike had been appointed to carry out the arrangements for the portrait. In a paper written by Mrs. Lincoln for

the Wheaton Memorial meeting, though not read at that time, owing to her illness, she speaks of the circumstances connected with the painting of the portrait, and though reminiscences of earlier days are also given in this paper, it has seemed best to present most of it here in its original form.

MRS. ANNES A. LINCOLN'S PAPER

Mrs. Wheaton was to me, when a schoolgirl, a great personage. The semi-seclusion in which, owing to her husband's death, she lived during the two years of my student life, lent a sort of mystery to the Wheaton Mansion and grounds which my few formal visits while teaching at the Seminary never quite dispelled. It was after my marriage that my real acquaintance with Mrs. Wheaton began.

Years before that event, Mr. Wheaton had aided a young townsman beginning business under unusual difficulties, and, when suffering from his final illness, it was by Mr. Wheaton's desire that the young man whom he had befriended was often a watcher at his bedside, and was with him when he breathed his last. Mrs. Wheaton never forgot the associations of that hour, and between her and that young man, afterward my husband, there existed, as long as she lived, the most genuine sympathy and regard. One of the first guests to be

entertained in our home was Mrs. Wheaton, — not at a formal luncheon or dinner, but at a simple company tea. Those of you who are old enough will remember what that was.

In keeping with the simple life of which Mrs. Wheaton was a true exponent, she, and her friend and ours, Mrs. Beane, in acceptance of our invitation, walked down to the house at the east of Neck Woods, bringing with them a lantern to guide them through the unlighted streets on their return.

After leaving Norton, for many years I saw Mrs. Wheaton only at long intervals, but on those rare occasions her greeting was always the same: "I am very glad to see you; how is your husband?"

It was only when I was once more officially connected with the Seminary that I saw her regularly.

But it was when associated by her request with Miss Pike in arranging for the painting of her portrait, and I saw her frequently, that I came to know our dear friend intimately. I realized then, for the first time, the yearning love which she had lavished silently upon two generations of schoolgirls, — a tender solicitude which we dimly comprehended at the time, but which we, mature women, are gathered to-day to acknowledge, together with our appreciation of her high ideals and noble character.

The modesty that led her to avoid any conspicuous position on public occasions, coupled with a

profound sense of responsibility in the administration of the estate committed to her, and which restrained all lavish expenditure in her own behalf, made her hesitate to devote a large sum for a portrait of herself. But once persuaded that it was the desire of her "thousand daughters," that it was right and wise, she desired no delay in the prosecution of the work.

In the sittings, it was noticeable that it was not her own fatigue, but the comfort of the artist and those associated in executing her commission, that occupied her attention. This would have been remarkable in one of her years, if it had not been her lifelong habit to consider all about her.

I am sure it would be the wish of Mrs. Wheaton that her final charge to the daughters of Wheaton should be repeated on this memorial occasion. As I sat beside her on the morning of the presentation of the portrait, taking her hand in mine, I asked if she had any special message for her girls. It was evident that she had been thinking of them, and that the desire and prayer of many years were formulated in her reply: —

"Say to the Wheaton girls, it is my wish and hope that as they come in contact with the world, it shall be the better and happier for their having lived in it."

This aim was to her the purpose of all education,

the corner-stone of Wheaton Seminary; not a training that would send young women out into the world enriched by knowledge of history, science, and literature, to be better and happier women themselves, but to enrich and ennoble other lives, and that each in her place should do her part in promoting the reign of universal righteousness and peace.

I would like to speak of Mrs. Wheaton's broad sympathies, which embraced not only the multitudes in our own land, but which reached out to the needs of those in the uttermost parts of the earth, as manifested in liberal and regular gifts to home and foreign missionary boards; but I have already passed my time limit, and must leave to others the privilege of presenting many other distinguishing and endearing attributes of our friend, whose memory we honor to-day.

The following sonnet, written by Mrs. Wheaton's niece, Mrs. John Jay Smith (Mary Chapin) of Highlands, N. C., belongs in this place:—

PORTRAIT OF MRS. WHEATON, BY ALEXANDER

Thou sittest as thy wont in quiet state,
Thine eyes down-dropping in reflective gaze;
Perchance thou dost return through winding maze
Of life's dim path to seek thy long-lost mate,
Thy friends so well-beloved, who have of late

With willing steps tried shining, unknown ways;
And dost with fondness now retrace the days
Full of fair joys vouchsafed by kindly fate.
Where'er thy thoughts may stray, from some calm bowers
Of thy soul's peace there comes a holy light,
Perhaps from memory's far lands, whose hours
Are always golden, always sweet and bright;
Or does the future lend its heavenly grace
To the soft radiance of thy tender face?

Though Mrs. Wheaton retained to a wonderful degree the power of making new friends in her old age, yet the old friends who were left became dearer and dearer. Her interest in the school was as warm and personal as in her early days. After Miss Stanton's resignation, it was upon Miss Pike that she depended for the daily chat about the girls, which was in no sense gossip, but the result of a large human interest. Miss Pike tells us of the beautiful smile with which she was always greeted, Mrs. Wheaton often coming to the door to meet her. "How do you do, and how are they all at the Seminary?" she always asked, with that characteristically sincere manner that showed the questions were not merely perfunctory. Then she would ask about the classes. "I saw the girls going to the Observatory last evening. What did you see through the telescope?" "I saw you walking with the natural history class this morning before breakfast. What birds did you hear?" And so on, and so on.

MRS. WHEATON IN HER NINETY-FIFTH YEAR

From the painting by John W. Alexander

If any girl or teacher was reported ill, the first question was, "What can I do to help? Is there anything in my house that is needed?" Her impulse was *to share* everything she had with the Seminary. In fact, the Seminary generally got the lion's share, especially in the distribution of her superb Black Hamburg grapes. She liked, too, to share her daily drives with the Seminary teachers, and gave them many happy hours in that way.

When Miss Pike went to Boston for the meetings of the New England Wheaton Club, Mrs. Wheaton always sent her love to *all* the old pupils, — "to any of them," — and on Miss Pike's return, she wanted to hear a detailed account of the meeting.

Her hospitality never failed. One of the alumnæ writes: "I recall being at her home, at one time, when an aged colored woman called. It was near the dinner-hour, and she was invited to partake. Mrs. Wheaton remarked that no one must come to her house near a meal-time without being invited to stay. She said: 'Hospitality is a Christian virtue, and I could not call myself a Christian and do otherwise.'"

To those she loved she would say, especially towards the last, "Come as often as you can. Come *soon*." Miss Tozer writes: "As guests saw Mrs. Wheaton, so she was all the time in the home. She was always gracious and courteous to every one,

servant as well as guest. It seemed to me that she grew more lovely every year. She certainly grew old gracefully." She was cheerful. Though always ready for conversation, she was never garrulous, and seldom told anecdotes of her past, not because she had lost her interest in it, but because of her lifelong habit of putting herself aside. When talking with old friends, she recalled old days with great animation. One of the alumnæ writes: "When I last went to see her, she was ninety-three years old, and she told me, with the greatest interest and pleasure, the story of the courtship of my father and mother, which had fallen under her eye sixty years before." It is clear her reticence about the past was not due to forgetfulness.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, a descendant of the old Perry family of Norton, lifelong friends of the Wheatons, in a letter to Miss Pike, speaks of the same characteristic. She says: "I remember with great pleasure the last time I saw Mrs. Wheaton, when I went to call upon her with my mother, who had not seen her for a great many years. I believe that they had never met since my mother was hardly more than a child, though, through my grandfather, her old friend, Mrs. Wheaton had known something of all his family from time to time. It was perfectly charming to me to see her welcome my mother, and take so sweetly the part

of an elder friend, though my mother was no longer young (or I either!). The old relation was instantly taken up, and I could see with what pleasure they both returned to the old interests as if they had parted but a month before instead of more than fifty years. She called my mother by her childish name, and gave back youth with the very sound of it. They talked eagerly together, and laughed a little at the primness of an old acquaintance whose name they recalled, and I had a new sense of the delight of early friendships, and the rare pleasure to a woman of my mother's age who finds a friend so much older still remembering her very childhood, and still living in all the affectionate interests of the past. Mrs. Wheaton's dignity of character and simple courtesy to all her guests were very charming to see. She was fixed in her old-fashioned serious ways of life, but there was a ready and exquisite human sympathy, a power of enjoyment, even a touch of gayety, that the duller standards and habits of the years of her middle life could never have quite repressed. I could see from this interview what a lovely part she had played in constantly remembering the Wheaton Seminary girls and welcoming them. Often and often the elder graduates must have found her the only person who could remember their dear school days. And this growing interest of her life repaid her for all her generosities,

in a great harvest of friendships that kept her from being lonely, and made her sure to the very end that she was of use in a cheerful world."

[Miss Pike writes in this connection of Miss Jewett's grandfather: "Dear old Dr. Perry[1] was an admirer of Judge Wheaton, and when he came into our family advising my dear father and mother to send me to Wheaton Seminary, he told the story of his affection for the family who founded the school. Then he asked my mother if she would not like to have him take me out to Norton, and of course she felt that Dr. Perry's introduction would be worth while, and accepted the offer gratefully. It was he who took me to Mrs. Wheaton, and, for his sake, interest on her part was at once enlisted in me. With her own hands, she brought the little cup of jelly which was the dearest medicine for illness that a girl could have [alluding to a slight indisposition when Miss Pike was a little homesick new scholar]. Mrs. Wheaton took me to drive, and pointed out the childhood home of Dr. Perry, and on our way home, told me the story of travelling from the White Mountains *via* Exeter, of being in church the morning after arriving in town, and of Dr. Perry's surprise when he distributed the bread and wine at the communion service, and found Mr. Wheaton and herself present. As soon

[1] Of Exeter, N. H.

as the service was over, he ordered their trunks taken from the hotel to his own house. Mrs. Wheaton dwelt with evident pleasure upon the entertainment in the family."]

There was always a peculiar serenity about Mrs. Wheaton's home. Though Mrs. Wheaton seldom spoke of her feelings to any one, yet no one could be with her, even for a day, without realizing that the whole undercurrent of her existence was religious. Religion was the absolute foundation of her home and of her life. Everything else was secondary. With her intimate friends she would sometimes have a quiet "little talk," as one of them has said, and she loved to read and repeat hymns and chapters from the Bible with those who were dear to her. Miss Pike mentions among her favorite hymns, the Shepherd Psalm (The Lord my Shepherd is) and Jerusalem the Golden, and among the Bible selections, the 91st Psalm, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High."

During her last years she took special pleasure in the reading of passages from "Leaflets for Lent," by Mrs. Laura Tilden Greene. Some extracts from a letter of Mrs. Greene's will show the breadth of Mrs. Wheaton's Christianity, even in the early forties, when sectarian strife was at its bitterest.

"As far back as the very early forties, my father, Rev. W. P. Tilden, was the *Unitarian* minister in Norton. During the four years of his ministry, Mrs. Wheaton was so genuinely cordial and sympathetic that she was regarded by our household as a personal friend, though as you well know, herself a zealous Congregationalist.

"My father and mother sustained their first great sorrow in the loss of a rarely beautiful boy. This filled my father with power to comfort others' sorrows, and words then spoken at a similar bereavement were kept close in Mrs. Wheaton's heart for fifty years, and repeated to me from her own lips in gently trembling accents.

"'He who formed the parent heart knows its own sorrow when bereaved.' You may imagine how it thrilled me to hear these words out of the silence of fifty years, — for, in the early nineties, I was a guest at her house while replacing a little monument that was originally the gift of a sympathetic people. She spoke of our mother as a 'natural Christian,' — did not her religion run deep and broad and strong as she spoke thus of those who held another faith than her own?"

Mrs. Wheaton much enjoyed the visit that it was the custom of Dr. Cole to pay to her every Sunday after church. When she was no longer able to go to church herself, the prayer Dr. Cole

offered at each of these visits gave her something of the pleasure of the more public service.

Dr. Cole says that on these occasions, as on all others, her thoughtfulness for others was marked, that neither weakness nor illness nor age ever caused her to forget to inquire for the welfare of all who needed her interest.

Her religion manifested itself in the spirit of the two great commandments, in love to God, and in love to her fellow-beings. It was not possible for her to separate the two.

Every one who knew Mrs. Wheaton, whether of the same creed or not, felt that hers was a life consecrated from the beginning, and lived in the same spirit unwaveringly to the end. Perhaps it was as much her reverence for sacred things as her great reserve of nature, that kept her from speaking freely of what was in her heart. But no one ever more fully "put" her "creed" into her "deed" than she did. She *lived* her religion.

CHAPTER XVI

A LEAF FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A SEMINARY TRUSTEE

BY REV. ALBERT HALE PLUMB, D. D.
Elected 1870. Chosen President of the Board 1885.

In the beautiful poem by President Cole, read at the unveiling of that masterpiece of the painter's art, the portrait of Mrs. Wheaton in her ninety-fifth year, by Mr. John W. Alexander of New York, the author sends our thoughts onward, as successive generations of pupils at the Seminary shall enjoy and exalt its ample provisions for their need. His words are:—

> But when, in some remoter hour,
> Strangers behold how great the task
> Accomplished, and are moved to ask
> Whence came the impulse and the power,
>
> Then silently, within this place
> Of such beginnings, there will rise
> For answer to their wondering eyes
> The vision of this lady's face.

Yes, and the vision will be a revelation. No one, whether pupil or parent, journeying hither and for the first time looking upon the form and features thus delineated, shall fail to see, even in that

portraiture of advanced age, the lines of kindly thought, of conscious power, of serenity and dignity, the marks of true worth. Yet the sight will awaken a desire to know more. What was this woman in the more active years of her long and useful life? Hence, with natural eagerness, many will turn to this volume in which loving hearts and skilful hands have striven to emulate those marvellous productions of modern art, the moving pictures, in which life is seen in actual motion, and the expressive postures and the speaking gestures, and even the changing play of the features, are clear. So competent have these word-painters proved, that a true "living picture" has been produced, and all are able to look upon this "elect lady" as she moves onward through the successive stages of her remarkable career.

They have opened for us the doors of her well-ordered home, and have shown us the hostess dispensing a gracious hospitality. They have withdrawn the veil from her intimacies with her closest friends, her kindred, her companions, inmates often of her household, teachers at Wheaton Seminary, or at other schools, with whom an intimacy of many years had ripened into a confidential friendship, her tried and true associates in establishing and developing the institution which bears her name.

They have permitted us to follow her as, in company with certain valued friends, she has sought refreshment, during the heats of summer, in the mountains, or on the shores of the sea, especially at her favorite resort in mid-ocean, the Isles of Shoals, where the little company found abundant opportunities for restful communion with nature, and gained strength for coming days of care.

It has, however, been desired that still another aspect of Mrs. Wheaton's character be presented: How did she appear in her relations with the trustees? Having given into their care the management of this sacred trust, how did she bear herself towards them in all the shifting changes which every institution of progressive aims must pass through in the long course of years?

My first knowledge of Mrs. Wheaton and the Seminary came to me while I was a student in Brown University, in the early fifties, from the frequent and enthusiastic tributes paid to them by a zealous friend, a Christian merchant of Providence, Mr. William J. King, from 1848 to 1885 an active and influential member of the Board of Trustees. I was occasionally honored by an invitation to take his place in giving the pupils an address at their religious meetings, where his quaint and vigorous speech, enlivened by touches

of humor, but always enlightening and impressive, was greatly prized.

Later, I saw how Mrs. Wheaton was revered by other trustees of that day. Rev. Henry B. Hooker, D. D., Rev. Jacob Ide, and Rev. Dr. Mortimer Blake, for some time the President of the Board. Rev. Alfred Emerson, a trustee from 1873 to 1893, and treasurer from 1881 to 1892, was specially active in carrying out the munificent plans of Mrs. Wheaton in the various improvements during those years. An inspiration came to this worthy man from the fact that in earlier times, when a strange prejudice existed against advanced academies for girls, his father, Rev. Joseph Emerson of Beverly, was active in establishing and maintaining schools for the higher education of young women.

A like influence has sensibly deepened my own interest in Wheaton Seminary, inasmuch as my mother, Caroline Robbins Hale, encountered the same prejudice in her youth, both as a pupil in one of the oldest New England seminaries, and as Principal of Cortland Academy for young ladies in Homer, N. Y.

. . . . . .

As many can testify from personal observation, Mrs. Wheaton was possessed of keen insight and sound judgment in financial matters, and never

embarrassed the trustees by any visionary or other questionable plans for the administration of Seminary affairs. In all the years of my membership on the Board, I never knew of a single instance in which she sought to obtrude her opinions in opposition to theirs. She fully recognized the responsibilities and rights of their office, and never showed any disposition to override their action, or to set aside their conclusions.

I doubt not the esteemed treasurer of the Board, Mr. Edwin Barrows, whose service began in 1865, and who enjoyed an early acquaintance with the Wheaton family, and Judge Fox, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and, also, the President of the Seminary, Rev. Dr. Cole, — all of whom have naturally been most frequently in consultation with Mrs. Wheaton, — would bear the same testimony to her uniformly respectful deference to their judgment. Indeed, so manifest was her grateful appreciation of the labors of love which the trustees were continually putting forth, some of them with rare devotion, to safeguard the valuable foundations here laid, and to erect upon them a stately and an enduring structure, a monument to the wisdom and beneficence of her honored husband and of his revered father, and so frank and courteous were the frequent conferences between Mrs. Wheaton and the Board, in consul-

tation, also, with certain of the most experienced and consecrated members of the Faculty, that I can recall no instance of any serious conflict of opinion which did not yield to the truly Christian spirit which always animated this able and conscientious woman.

And this naturally leads to the statement of one further fact, a fact which alone induced me to yield to repeated requests and furnish a contribution to this volume, a volume prepared as a loving tribute to the worth of our benefactress. It was the religious character of the school which lay nearest to the heart of this wise and far-seeing friend. She was keenly alive, indeed, to the necessity of its ministering to a high intellectual culture. She deeply appreciated the necessity of recognizing the claims of a broadening arena of usefulness for the educated young women of our time, adapting them to the new exigencies of modern life as related to woman's work. She was ambitious that here young women should attain a symmetrical and vigorous physical development, fitting them for the arduous and exacting duties of the exalted positions of usefulness many of them would be called to fill. She was conscious, too, of the newer comprehension of late of the ethical relations the cultivated woman is to sustain in the home, in society, and in connection with social reform in

consequence of the growing altruism and humanitarianism which are the glory of our age, and in which woman has an increasing share.

And yet, there was one thing whose importance she judged overtopped all these aims, one object which outranked everything else, one purpose never to be forgotten, but always to control in every department of administration in the entire school life: Mrs. Wheaton's supreme desire was that this institution should continue to be as it was originally designed to be, from deepest foundation to topmost pinnacle, a Christian school, pervaded by the spirit of Christ, and continually imbuing youthful aspirations and purposes, thoughts, words, deeds, with a glad and grateful devotion to the most precious of all friends, the World's Redeemer, "the Son of God manifested to destroy the works of the devil." That this work might go on and on, this purpose be more and more fulfilled, was her chief solicitude, and her brightest hope for the future of the school.

During the twenty-six years of the principalship of the vigorous Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Wheaton was in ardent sympathy with the spirit and methods of that strong religious personality. In those days, as more or less ever since, the young ladies enjoyed the privilege of feeling the impress of many persons of remarkable religious experience and power

of service, who were invited to visit the school and address the students, — returned missionaries, Christian workers, lay and clerical, men and women, some of whom are still remembered for their able and convincing exhibitions of the reasonableness of the religious life. The ruling thoughts of those personal friends of the Principal made the fact evident to the listeners that no mere system of ethics is a sufficient foundation for character, inasmuch as morality is incomplete without religion. There can be no worthy character that leaves out of view the personal relations of the soul to God. It is impossible to perform aright our duty to our fellow-men unless they are first of all regarded in our mutual relations to our Heavenly Father and to His will concerning us. And harmony of feeling with God is attainable by us all.

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Not to mention any of those teachers who in recent years have faithfully striven to fulfil the high duty of building up a true Christian character in the school, there were some instructors whose marked saintliness of life and immeasurable influence for good, as gratefully acknowledged by many of our widely scattered graduates, clearly reflected the earnestly evangelical spirit of Mrs. Wheaton, with whom they were in constant fellowship of closest intimacy. I well remember her

warm sympathy with Miss Carter and Miss Briggs, and others I could name, in their effective religious zeal. And I know many of the graduates, in their memory of teachers and visitors, to this day always associate with the most powerful forces for good in those formative days of their youth, the personal character of the benignant lady who, not less in these active years than in her great age, was looked upon by all with sincere veneration as well as with gratitude and love.

I recall a memorable afternoon spent at the Seminary by the late Bishop Brooks, the result of which gave Mrs. Wheaton extreme and lasting satisfaction. It chanced that Lucy Larcom was also our guest that day. As we sat with a group of the teachers around the open fire in the drawing-room, the conversation turned upon the subject of penmanship, in view of my praise of the clear and open specimen shown in a recent letter from the Bishop. "I hold it immoral to write poorly," he said. "What right has any one to impose upon his correspondent the irksome task of deciphering an illegible scrawl?" Well, the great preacher had the gift of writing plainly upon souls, for his sermon that day on the Saviour's words, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," fixed indelibly the best of all lessons on the heart of one fair maiden, a pupil from another state, who had not

been reared in the Evangelical faith, and I had the pleasure of writing to the good man, in as fair a hand as I could command, a message which, even if blindly written, he would have been glad to decipher, that another immortal soul had passed from death to life. That pupil has for many years occupied an influential position in life, and in her elegant home, and in society, and as a prominent member of a club of Wheaton Alumnæ, has proved again, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Other instances of the wide influence for good of the Wheaton girls in various walks of life, and in home or foreign missionary fields, when related to our beloved patroness, lightened her features with a smile of thankfulness and ineffable peace.

One graduate, some of whose children are now themselves at the head of happy households, and some of them giving the impress of their editorial thought to daily newspapers in important cities, was once requested by the congregation of her husband, during his temporary illness, to take his place in their pulpit, preaching his sermons or giving her own, which she did for several months, to the satisfaction of all concerned. No wonder the husband of such a helpmate remarked, "—— is of the salt of the earth, and fine salt at that."

Sunday-school children are sometimes asked

"Who is the happiest man in the Bible?" They know who is the strongest man, the meekest, the oldest. Who can doubt that this distinction of superior happiness belongs to the beloved disciple who reclined on the Saviour's bosom at the last feast? And yet he says: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth." Mrs. Wheaton, having no children, looked upon all the Wheaton girls as her very own, and her joy in their character and success was a valued solace to her in the infirmities of her declining years.

There is a single further consideration which it seems natural to name in this connection. The kind of service rendered by the trustees of such a school, or by those who serve other public interests, which lie outside the claims of their personal business or profession, though gratuitously given, is never unpaid. The duties of such management are sometimes exacting and laborious, calling for protracted attention and the best exercise of one's powers. But such gifts always return upon their givers, awakening broader sympathies, exalting their entire nature, and also affording an unalloyed satisfaction in the useful results thus unselfishly attained.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Wheaton seemed impelled to improve every suitable opportunity to express her sincere

thankfulness to the trustees, her sense of the large indebtedness of the Seminary to the integrity, the fidelity, and the assiduity with which they sought to fulfil their trust. But they might well respond: "We are already having our abundant reward in the privilege of being continually associated in these responsibilities, and in occasional and always delightful intercourse, with one who represents so fine a type of Christian womanhood."

Especially in all the successive revelations of the ever widening influence of this institution in promoting a high Christian culture in future years, and in all coming triumphs in worthy endeavor of those who shall receive their education here, the trustees can say: "If in any degree our efforts have aided in securing these happy results, and thus fulfilling the high purposes of those who founded and endowed the school, 'We are sharers in this their joy.'"

CHAPTER XVII

AT EVENING TIME THERE SHALL BE LIGHT

In Mrs. Wheaton's last letter to Miss Pike, urging her to visit her soon, she says: "I wish you could take an early train Saturday morning and get here at 10 o'clock, to ride with me after my pair of new black horses. I should love to have you. Can't you? And plan to spend the Sabbath with us."

How young and fresh this sounds! It was dictated on May 11, 1905, and was the last letter ever dictated by Mrs. Wheaton. On Saturday, May 20, she took her last daily drive, for when Miss Tozer returned from Boston, whither she had been, at Mrs. Wheaton's desire, for the annual meeting of the New England Wheaton Club, she found that Mrs. Wheaton had been coughing all the afternoon, and Dr. Arthur Round, the family physician, was called in. Mrs. Wheaton met him with a smile, saying there was no real need of his coming, as she was not ill. He thought her symptoms those of the grip, a disease of which she had suffered several attacks in her later years. She was, however, able to take tea with the family, and she was interested

in hearing all Miss Tozer had to tell her of the Club meeting.

On Sunday morning she came downstairs as usual, but the effort was too much for her, and she soon returned to her own room, which she never again left. The cough no longer troubled her; she lay calmly in bed without suffering. She was simply tired, she said. As day by day passed quietly by, she was even able to attend to necessary business.

She was not only free from pain, but happy. Miss Tozer writes: "During those last two weeks of her life, she was so sweet and lovely all the time, quietly slipping away from us. The last verse of the hymn she loved so well ('My Faith looks up to Thee') was a prayer which she loved to repeat.

"When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

"She was naturally so timid, and had such a dread of the final change, — physical fear of the great and final change. It was beautiful to see how, at last, all fear and distrust were removed, and she was 'borne above, a ransomed soul.'"

On the morning of Wednesday, May 31, she seemed to be sinking fast, and a message was sent

to her pastor, Rev. Mr. Ratcliffe, over the telephone wires connecting her house with the parsonage. Mr. Ratcliffe was away at the moment, but Mrs. Ratcliffe at once responded to the message, and remained with Mrs. Wheaton to the end.

Mrs. Wheaton had already rallied. Mrs. Ratcliffe writes: "She received me as if I had returned from a long journey, asking me about my husband, if he were not coming to see her, and about our girls. . . . Her thoughtfulness for others never failed even during those last hours. In a short time her pastor came in, and, after greeting him in her bright way and chatting for a few minutes, she asked him if he would not offer prayer. He knelt by her bedside, and thinking he might weary her, offered a short prayer. She thanked him with a rather disappointed sigh. 'That was very short; I wanted a long one.' So once more he knelt by her side, and prayed again, which seemed to satisfy her.

"The brightness gradually faded, and during the afternoon and early evening she rested quietly, now and then waking to take nourishment, or to inquire for some relative or friend. When we asked her how she felt, she would say, 'I feel la-a-zy;' or if we asked if she were comfortable, 'I am just tired.'

"During the evening she repeated some of her favorite passages from The Word, saying the one

hundred and thirty-seventh psalm with Miss Tozer. Then she asked me if I would not repeat the verses she so loved, the beautiful hymn, Ray Palmer's —

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

She repeated the last line several times, — 'Be wholly Thine,' and, during the last hours, we heard her say 'wholly Thine, wholly Thine.' At about nine o'clock, the usual time of retiring, she said, 'I am sleepy. Lucy, put out the lights and light my "little beauty"' (the new night-lamp). When this had been done, she repeated her childhood's prayer:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

The morning brought no great change. She seemed comfortable, only weaker. She referred once to looking through her 'lace curtain' (the new green leaves) to see the girls across the street. We passed the second night watching, listening eagerly for every precious word from her lips. She repeated with her nephew, Mr. Samuel Chapin, the beauti-

ful words from St. John's Gospel, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

She looked up to Miss Tozer and said, "Dear Lucy, you have been such a comfort to me." Miss Tozer says she always expressed gratitude for what was done for her.

As day began to dawn, some one thought Mrs. Wheaton said, "It is growing dark." Her nephew bent over her and said, "It is n't dark, is it, Auntie?" "No! No!" she answered, with a beaming smile. Then Miss Pike, the Wheaton teacher most dear to her, asked if she had any message of love for the Wheaton girls. "Oh, YES!" she answered, her face becoming more and more radiant. And this was her last word.

Mrs. Ratcliffe writes: "In a little while, just as the sun was flooding the world with June glory, the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and a great spirit entered into eternal light."

This was on Friday, June 2, 1905. On Monday, June 5, the last services were held for her in the church she had so loved, her own gift to the village. On that day, the little town was full of strangers who were not strangers, for they were the Wheaton girls who had come back, after ten, twenty — some of them after fifty — years, to the spot where

their early lives had been shaped, to do honor to the woman to whose generosity they felt they owed much that had made those lives best worth living.

It was a perfect June day, and, as they moved slowly down the still, elm-shaded street from Mrs. Wheaton's home to the church, the fragrance of the buttercups in the meadows below the Seminary recalled to many a gray-haired woman the peace and sweetness of the Sunday walk of her girlhood, when she may, perhaps, have watched the dignified figures of Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton going themselves to church as punctually and faithfully as the girls were required to do.

The long procession of Seminary girls, dressed in white and with uncovered heads, paused on the green before the church, and, forming in two lines, awaited the coming of the earthly form of their old friend; and, as the casket was borne through their ranks into the church, they strewed flowers and sweet grasses before it. The Alumnæ had filled the church with flowers, the choicest and most beautiful that could be found, remembering Mrs. Wheaton's lifelong love of flowers, and the treasures from her own garden she had given them so generously in years long past.

The little church was crowded not only with the Seminary teachers and girls, with the Alumnæ, and other friends from a distance, but with the

townspeople, to whom Mrs. Wheaton had always been a loyal friend.

The service was simple and beautiful. The pastor of the church told briefly the story all were longing to hear of the last happy hours of their old friend. Then Rev. Dr. Cole, President of the Seminary, spoke as follows: —

"Some live long, but not well; some live well, but not long; and some there are who live both long and well. In this last-named class belongs the dear friend whose loss we mourn.

"Born in the memorable year which gave birth to Tennyson and Gladstone and Darwin and Mendelssohn and Chopin and Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Wendell Holmes, she saw the stirring events and the mighty changes of practically the whole nineteenth century pass before her eyes. Every man, woman, or child who was alive in Norton when she came here as a bride, in 1829, has, I am told, with but a single exception, preceded her to the Silent Land.

"But her crowning distinction was not length of days; it was nobility of character. She has been a quiet and pervasive influence through all the community. It has been felt with especial force in the school that was so dear to her heart.

"We emphasize to-day, not what she did, — great and varied as her benefactions were, — we em-

phasize what she was. The most potent and lasting influence in all this world is the influence of a good life. Kindliness of heart, dignity and graciousness of manner, unfailing courtesy, a thoughtfulness that never forgot these, with a simplicity of life, and a singular hospitality for new ideas, are among the things that every one who knew Mrs. Wheaton will associate with her name. She was the friend of every good word and work in Seminary, or church, or town. She feared nothing so much as that she might not do her full duty. She administered her earthly possessions as a sacred trust, and was ever mindful of the time when she should render her account. The voice she longed to hear, and has already heard, was that of the Master, saying: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"In the room in which she died, there hangs a motto on which her eyes have often looked. The words of the motto are these: 'At evening time there shall be light.' When my acquaintance with her began, — and it began much later than in the case of many of you, — it was already in the evening of her life. But no shadows were gathering. The evening was like the day. She walked in the light, she lived the life of the spirit. Of unusual sagacity and judgment in practical affairs, she kept her affections on things above. She cherished the

imperishable ideal of the Christian faith. Hers, in no ordinary degree, was the comforting sense of the presence of God.

"And now she is gone. Let the tears fall, not for her, but for ourselves. For her, there is nothing to regret. We sorrow that we shall see her face no more. But she has left us a precious legacy, — the memory of an honored and beautiful life. And we shall best express our gratitude, not by flowers, or tears, or eulogies, but by following her example. The message of her life to this community — to town, to church and school, and to us all — is this: 'Love one another, help one another, speak kindly one of another, and remember that the true life is the life that is hid with Christ in God.'"

There was beautiful music, — two hymns Mrs. Wheaton loved, "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with me," sung softly and clearly by a single perfect voice, and then the whole congregation joined in the one Mrs. Wheaton had asked for so often during her illness, "My faith looks up to Thee."

Though the church was full of those who sincerely loved Mrs. Wheaton, there were not many tears. It seemed to be an hour for gratitude rather than for grief; all felt that a beautiful life had been completely lived, filled to the brim to the very last moment with good deeds and loving thoughts, that the time had come when the cares of this world,

and the burdens of age could rightfully be laid down, and the thoughts of all turned naturally to the joy of the new life, on which their friend had entered. There seemed to be an atmosphere of aspiration rather than of grief, an aspiration expressed by the words Mrs. Wheaton had repeated so often:—

"O let me from this day
Be *wholly Thine.*"

Again the schoolgirls formed in long lines on the green. As the June sunshine touched their bright hair, they were like some picture of Fra Angelico's whose angels crowned with halos are watching the entrance of some saint into glory.

Mrs. Wheaton lies buried, with the other members of the Wheaton family, in what is called the Common Cemetery in Norton. On her stone is inscribed,—

"Helper of the poor, sympathizer with the sorrowing, friend of humanity, servant of God."

"She was gracious in all her ways, and the world is better for her having lived in it."

CHAPTER XVIII

MEMORIAL MEETING OF THE NEW ENGLAND WHEATON CLUB

On January 13, 1906, the New England Wheaton Club held a memorial meeting in honor of Mrs. Wheaton at the Vendôme, in Boston, which was attended by hundreds of the old pupils of the Seminary. It was appropriate that this meeting should be conducted by Miss Pike.

Mrs. Anna Spear Stebbins (Class of '70), President of the Club, spoke a few introductory words, referring to the unique position of Wheaton Seminary, which had been founded at the suggestion of a young woman who had lived seventy years to watch over it and cherish it.

Then the following program was presented: —

Music.

I

Papers by

a. Mrs. Elizabeth Cate Barrows.
b. Miss Mary E. Blair.
c. Sonnet by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark.
d. Mrs. Mary Bailey Lincoln.
(All read by Mrs. Lincoln.)

II

Letter from Miss Ellen M. Haskell.
(Read by Mrs. May Randlett Tufts.)

III

Paper by Miss A. Ellen Stanton, who also read a paper written by Mrs. Wheaton's own hand.

IV

Paper by Mrs. Jeannie Woodbury Lincoln.
(Omitted on account of Mrs. Lincoln's illness.)

V

Letter from Miss Frances Vose Emerson.
(Read by Mrs. Emma Bird Murdock.)

VI

Resolutions from the Worcester Wheaton Club.
(Presented by Mrs. Ellen Grout Gould-Smith.)

VII

Letter from Miss Mary E. Woolley.
(Read by Mrs. Eloise McNeill Bird.)

VIII

Paper by Miss Mabel H. Perry.

IX

Letter from Miss Julia Osgood.

X

A few words from Mrs. Estelle Hatch Merrill.

XI

A few words from Miss Harriet E. Paine.

XII

Messages from Miss Susan Hayes Ward.

XIII

Resolutions, presented by Miss Clara M. Pike, and adopted by the Assembly.

Extracts from most of these papers have already been introduced in their natural place in the preceding narrative. From others of more general scope, some extracts are given below.

Miss Ellen M. Haskell, Principal of Wheaton Seminary, 1876–1879, says: "The word which comes to my mind most persistently when I think of [Mrs. Wheaton] is *friendliness*. You felt this in the pressure of her hand when she met you, in the quiet 'I am glad to see you' of her greeting, in all the arrangements for your comfort while you were her guest. For the time being, you were at the central point of her interest. Yet Mrs. Wheaton had not an emotional temperament. Her greeting was never effusive, nor emphatic. Her hospitality was not lavish or ostentatious, there was no excess of preparation, her interest in you was not obtrusive; but you felt an unvarying warmth in her words, you saw that there had been thoughtful provision for your comfort, and that she welcomed any mention of personal matters that you chose to make. This warm current of feeling was broad and deep, and extended much beyond the circle of those she called her friends. She was quick to discern estimable qualities, and to sympathize with all forms of suffering, yet was free from sentimentality. She had the rare and precious gift of sane and abounding friendliness."

Miss Mary E. Woolley, of the Class of 1884, and long a teacher at the Seminary, now President of Mt. Holyoke College, writes:—

"As a student I anticipated the Senior tea [at Mrs. Wheaton's] as one of the chief events of the course, and remember with the greatest distinctness how dainty and delightful it was, from the time we were received in the drawing-room to the walk in the garden after supper.

"During my five years as instructor I altogether lost my awe of Mrs. Wheaton, and gained a deep affection for her, which makes the evenings in her sitting-room a very happy memory. I think that I have never visited the Seminary since that time without seeing her, and every call made me appreciate her more and love her better. The few times I saw her after coming to Mount Holyoke, she filled with stories of Mary Lyon and her visits to Wheaton, making those days seem very real and full of life. Her friendship was an honor and an inspiration, and I shall always be glad that I may claim it as one of Wheaton's gifts to her daughters. No words in her praise can be too strong. She was a Christian gentlewoman of executive ability and courtly manners, with a keen interest in the general welfare and warm affection for the individual. I rejoice in every effort to make her memory live among the girls now at the Seminary."

Sonnet by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark (Class of 1869. Founder and President of the New York Wheaton Club, and Trustee of the Seminary).

ELIZA B. WHEATON

In Memoriam

Down through the ages, though vast empires fell;
Though ruin overtook great schools and schemes, —
The teachers' porches and the poets' dreams,
And palaces of kings; one fairy spell
Lay ever on the world: ah, who can tell
The way it grew! First, faint as dawning beams
Of great suns rising; then, as gleams
The radiant universal light, to quell
All shadows; thus the spell waxed of God's love.
Strongest it glowed in that immortal band
For Jesus' sake who braved the dreadful deep.
The flower of that strong plant; her texture wove
Of love, high thought and purity; doth stand
Her image, for our grateful souls to keep.

Miss Julia Osgood, long a lecturer on Art in the Seminary where she had once been a pupil, writes:

"I have in my mind a picture of our noble friend that reaches beyond Mr. Alexander's canvas; one that many who are gathered here to-day share with me, and so I venture to recall it, hoping that like the perfume of a flower of long ago, it will arouse emotions and affections that may have been dormant, but are none the less vital.

"There rises before me a woman of powerful frame, of clear mental vision, of great dignity and

simplicity of manner. Her surroundings embodied her tastes and aims. Her house was a generously proportioned and comely building of the last century, where every modern equipment found its place; where ostentation was unknown; where exquisite order and cleanliness prevailed without apparent effort, — as if they were inevitable consequences of *her* presence. No one could pass a day under her roof without noting that her household attendants were individuals of character and special fitness for their position, while the companions nearest her person gave to her, and received from her, the tenderest affection. This home, the interior home, had for its setting a charming old-fashioned garden; it was shaded by fine elms, and its windows looked out on the lawns and buildings of the Seminary, which its mistress constantly planned and prayed for. The path leading to her door was bordered with box; its perfume is here now, just as we all used to breathe it in, alike on summer days or when the landscape was wrapped in snow, as we stood for a moment on her piazza waiting for admission.

"Every year that she lived we grew nearer to her, and she grew dearer to us. We learned something of her private methods of work, of her sense of stewardship in regard to the fortune she so faithfully dispensed.

"Her home became a hallowed spot, a place of pilgrimage, to which it was an honor to be admitted, for there was centred the wisdom gathered in nearly a century of experience, the fidelity that had ripened during many decades of life, and the love that had been maturing during nearly a hundred years.

"Let us who constitute the Alumnæ, and who stand, therefore, in the place of her children, keep green the memory of this noble woman to whom we owe so many blessings, and pass on to the coming generation the beloved name of

"ELIZA B. WHEATON."

The program was closed by the informal resolutions presented by Miss Pike.

RESOLUTIONS

The New England Wheaton Seminary Club desires to place on record its sense of the loss which its members have sustained in the death of Mrs. Eliza B. Wheaton, their beloved patron and friend.

The Club must long lament the loss of an intelligence so rare, an experience so rich, and a personal influence so strong as hers.

Those who came into intimate relations with her were attracted by the simplicity of her nature, held

by her tender and abounding sympathy, enlightened by the wisdom of her unerring judgment, inspired by her spirit of self-effacing service, and elevated by the nobility of her Christian character.

That "life is a great and noble calling, a lofty and an exalted destiny," is a truth that was forcefully demonstrated by her conscientious attitude towards its trusts and responsibilities.

Mrs. Wheaton's place can never be filled, but the Association rejoices in its heritage of sacred memories and inspirations left by her to the institution which she loved and fostered during her long life.

Her uplifting faith and unfaltering hope conquered age, and were triumphant even in death. And her glorious example remains in memory, a vital encouragement to youth, and a steady light in the path of advancing years.

> "He who gave life gave what seems death to man,
> But 't is a death that gives more life to life,
> God with one hand withdraws the life of earth,
> But with the other gives the life of heaven."

Mrs. Stebbins then said one final word, that we must all feel it good to remember: "We have had an example; our part is to follow that example."

THE END

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